

The Nation.

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The Week.

THE President and Mr. Seward have got back to Washington, and we suppose everybody is very glad of it. Mr. Johnson ought to be, at any rate, for the curb must have been used on him severely very frequently, and more than once there was every indication of a violent runaway. As for Mr. Seward, it cannot be but that he was conscious that he was making a deplorable exhibition of himself from the time he began making speeches till he reached Annapolis. At that city, we think, he capped the climax, to use a rhetorical figure of Mr. Johnson's, for he declared that after listening to the President's touching and impressive oration, it seemed to him almost "a sacrilege" to open his mouth. The part of the Presidential oration that affected us most was the artless simplicity with which Mr. Johnson described his way of reaching right conclusions in politics—namely, "first, be convinced that you are right." Yet we suppose he does well to honor the means whereby he has swung round the circle, as it were, of political honor. There is not the least doubt that his firm conviction of his own infallibility had a good deal to do with making him alderman of his native village and, after he had filled other offices in the gift of his fellow-citizens, Vice-President of the United States. We may doubt, though, if he does well to regret in the least that he did not turn his attention, as he once thought of doing, to school-teaching. Seriously, he would have made a dreadful teacher. No doubt he would have been excellent in kicking in the door when the boys rebelled and barred him out, but when it came to indoctrinating the youthful mind, and doing it by soft, persuasive methods, we fear the schoolmaster would indeed have been all abroad. Postmaster-General Randall, who had no particular reputation to sustain or to lose, seems to have acquitted himself well enough. We earnestly hope that Mr. Seward and Mr. Johnson,

whom the country has honored, will honor the country so far as they can by staying at home and refraining from these terrible tours.

We do not know how it is that we are reduced to telegrams for our accounts of the Surratt trial instead of being delighted with word-painting special correspondence. But, as the correspondents would say, "it is the heated term," and to seek opportunities of being graphic and eloquent with the mercury at ninety in the shade would be folly. As it is, we get little that is livelier than examinations in chief, and very often, of course, there is the dullness of cross-examination, and Messrs. Bradley and Merrick, and Surratt staring at his false friend Weichman, and the Washington secessionists scowling at the counsel for the prosecution, and encouraging the prisoner with looks and smiles—all these remain quite unsung. During the fourth week the trial has been somewhat more interesting than before, some new testimony having been offered. Weichman, who had patiently endured a vast deal of badgering from Mr. Bradley, whose bad behavior is a constant pleasure to Surratt's friends in the audience, finally retaliated by letting out a remark made by Miss Surratt on the day after the assassination, to the effect that the murder of Lincoln "was no more than the death of a nigger in the army." On the same day the proceedings were enlivened by a Doctor McMillan, who said from the witness-box that the language of Mr. Merrick was "the language of a coward and a sneak." Dr. McMillan was the surgeon of the *Peruvian*, aboard which vessel the prisoner made the voyage to Europe from Quebec in the autumn of 1865. The surgeon made his acquaintance on a boat by which the *Peruvian's* passengers were taken from Montreal to Quebec. A Catholic priest, La Pierre, had Surratt in charge, and kept him carefully under lock and key. On board the *Peruvian* "McCarty" walked about freely, and was seen talking to General Ripley, of South Carolina. The weakness of his head he made very evident in his conversations with the surgeon; he told of his trips to Richmond, of the large amount of Confederate and secret service money he had had in his possession, of his having done something that would make McMillan stare if he should know it, of his intention to kill any man who should attempt to arrest him, of the certainty that he would "swing" if ever he came back to this country, and of his desire to do for Johnson what had been done in the case of Lincoln, and a story that seems to be frag, though it may well enough be true, that on one occasion going to Richmond with four or five other persons, he met several half-starved Yankees escaping from Richmond prisons and helped to kill them. There seems to be no prospect of a speedy end of the trial, and a very fair chance that Surratt may be hanged. He seems to be unfortunate in his counsel.

Maximilian, there appears no longer any reason to doubt, has been shot. He and his friends could hardly have complained of his fate, as he had himself been guilty of the outrageous folly and cruelty of declaring war to the knife against the Liberals when he secured possession of the Government, and of treating their troops as brigands, and did execute large numbers of honest men in cold blood for the simple offence of appearing in arms against him, a foreigner, placed on the throne by a foreign army. When he did this, he, of course, placed himself on the same moral plane as Juarez, and virtually agreed that their differences should be settled Mexican fashion. Moreover, when he determined to remain behind after the French had gone, he surrendered almost all that gave him a color of legitimacy, the support and protection of the flag of a recognized and established government. This done, the consequences of defeat to himself personally might easily have been foreseen. When he fell into the hands of his enemies,

he had not a single claim on their mercy which men like them could be expected to recognize. He had himself been merciless, and he had repudiated foreign protection. Were his executioners anything but what they are, we do not know that we should much regret his fate. It would doubtless be well to have Europe taught that filibustering is as dangerous a game for princes as for ordinary men, and that scions of proud houses, as well as nameless adventurers, must, when they seek 'to wade through slaughter to a throne,' be prepared to set their lives upon the cast. But, unhappily, the poor barbarians who have done this deed are not the men to give the civilized world a lesson in morality. The killing of vanquished political enemies has been their practice so long that it has ceased to indicate anything except the savage vindictiveness of the killers. We might as well ask Christendom to draw a moral from the Indian scalping and torturing on the plains as from Juarez's "military justice." M. Romero's pretence that it was necessary to take Maximilian's life in order to prevent his again laying claim to the throne is a plea which will deceive but very few. It is a plea which would justify any amount of barbarity, which has in fact been used to justify the murder of the greatest patriots, and which the sultans were at one time in the habit of putting forward as an excuse for killing all their nephews. There was about as much chance of Maximilian's coming back, had he once been driven forth a vanquished man, as of his executioners proving the wise and enlightened rulers of a free and happy country. We can hardly pity him, but it would be folly to expect anything good from them.

The New York Times thinks our proposal that the South should be put into the hands of the Federal officers, with their will for law, and "the only law," something rather extravagant, and asks how the powers of military officers are to be regulated at all if, as we maintain, the attempts of the South to regulate them by constitutional precedents and doctrines are absurd. It ought not to be necessary to explain that when we advocate the subjection of the South to the absolute control of military officers, it is to their absolute control *quod* military officers. A man who uses armed force to execute his *own* will, as a man, is not a military officer, but either a chief of brigands or a despot. Federal officers cannot become absolutely free agents, so that no matter how large the powers that may be given them, they must exercise them under responsibility to their superiors—namely, the Northern people; and if there be any power or authority in existence which can overrule the Northern people in their way of reorganizing the South, we confess we have not yet heard of it and do not know where to find it. The South and Mr. Johnson have been trying for the last two years to regulate the conduct of the Federal commanders by constitutional doctrines and precedents, to institute, in fact, a mixed system of their own, and we know what the result has been. Such a system might have been possible had Southerners had imagination enough to understand their situation; but they apparently have not. The sword has never been taken from their throats for one week that they have not rushed into some folly. They are allowed to hold courts, and they forthwith refuse negro testimony or acquit murderers or robbers of negroes. They are allowed to legislate, and they forthwith proceed to patch up a negro code or keep *Harper's Weekly* out of Alabama. The greatest kindness that can be done them now is to tie them up, hand and foot, till they are fairly in the Union. It is quite true, as *The Times* says, that the South is not in Russia. If it were in Russia, instead of having its rulers laboring might and main for two years, as the North has been doing, to get it to adopt and practise republican principles, to acknowledge the equality of men, to respect freedom of speech, most of the leading Southern "statesmen" would by this time be engaged in "practical mining" or other hard labor, with their backs a little stiff from knouting; and the rest of the population, instead of being guided by Sickles and Sheridan into constitutional government, would find themselves subjected to military rule in perpetuity.

Monday last was the new North American holiday, "Dominion Day," the Dominion of Canada having on the first of the month officially begun its existence. The birth was signalized in a truly felici-

tous manner by Lord Monck, the Viceroy, who must have laughed in his sleeve as he took Mr. J. A. McDonald and made him into a knight. A Mr. Cartier seems to have got off more easily; he was made a simple Companion of the Bath, which is a far better dignity than the other for a man who lives so near the Yankee State of Maine and in the immediate neighborhood of the nineteenth century; it is not so mediæval and feudal in sound, and then, too, in ordinary Canadian conversation he will not be addressed as Companion of the Bath Cartier, while his friend will be compelled till death relieves him to hear himself addressed as "Sir James." He will have to travel in Europe, where they may perhaps take him for a regular knight from England or Scotland. It is not very surprising, we should say, that a part of the Halifax press celebrated the day by going into mourning. Mr. T. D'Arcy McGee invites such people in this country as feel the gross tyranny of the majority pressing upon them to go over into the Dominion, "a place of asylum where they can obtain that security denied them at home." It is possible that Mr. McGee does not dread being knighted. He talks with equal fearlessness of teaching the people of the United States what a true representative government is.

Major-General Wager Swayne has recently abrogated two characteristically Southern laws. One was a wise statute by which it was intended to make it impossible to sell *Harper's Weekly* within the limits of the State of Alabama; the other was a mild piece of legislation whose object was to make it difficult for Union soldiers to collect pensions and back pay. We suppose, then, that General Swayne's estimate of the powers belonging to his office will permit him to redress the grievances of the colored people of Mobile. Whether or not the negroes shall be, as they ask to be, enrolled among the city police, is purely a question of expediency. No one questions the right of any competent colored man to fill a policeman's or any other place, but it may not be best to give the Mobile negroes half the places in the department of police, though we should like to see the experiment tried while the military are still in Mobile. But there are grievances complained of in the petition to the general which we dare say demand immediate action, and for which it ought not to be very hard to find an immediate cure. The Civil Rights bill is disregarded, we are told, and many of the most odious provisions of the old State code are, to the great oppression of the colored people, still enforced in the courts. We dare say this is in good part due to Mr. Richard Busted, who, we remember, did not for an unreasonably long time after the Civil Rights bill was passed take the proper action for getting it into practical operation. At the furthest, the passage of the coming declaratory act ought to mark the time for bringing matters in Mobile into better order; and it is no harm to recollect that there are white men in Mobile not of the "Conservative" persuasion who will never want for a grievance. General Swayne is, however, a discreet man.

Messrs. Boutwell, Lawrence, Williams, and Thomas are expected to present a report on impeachment at this special session of Congress. We are told by the Washington correspondent of the *Boston Advertiser*—who is usually to be relied on—that these four gentlemen will offer as the grounds of impeachment: first, the President's general disregard of properly enacted laws; next, specifications under this general head; and, finally, "two or three points showing personal corruption, one of these being in the matter of pardons." We suppose the committee are expecting that no action will be taken by the House, at any rate, till next winter, at which time the nomination of Mr. Johnson's successor will be distant, say, five or six months, and the day of election about nine. If no action is taken during the present month, none will be taken at the next session, that seems quite certain, and the report of the committee will become a historical document, but will hardly be of much weight legally or politically. The rumor is not worth regarding, as we suppose, which asserts that it is the intention of certain leaders to remove Mr. Johnson for the sake of making Mr. Wade the incumbent of his seat, so as to increase the chances of the latter gentleman for the regular nomination. We are well persuaded, at all events, that whoever is cherishing intentions of that kind may as well resign

himself to certain disappointment. We have so often gone over the objections to having an impeachment trial—objection that have grown weightier since last there was occasion to urge them—that we have nothing to offer now by way of argument. It is sufficient to know—and, in order to know it, it is only necessary to read the newspapers and to hear people talk in the streets—that the question of impeachment is not at all a practical question, and may profitably be disregarded entirely. There can be no doubt, from the utterances of the press at large, that Congress cannot please the country more than by giving Mr. Stanbery a declaratory act which he cannot get over or under or through, by letting everything else carefully alone, and by going home as speedily as possible. And there is good hope that this is what will be done.

The Labor Convention which has been sitting for the last week at Albany had a "Committee on Good" which occupied itself mainly in providing work for the Constitutional Convention, which, it is evidently the opinion of the working-men, ought to leave as little for the Legislature to do as possible. The committee reported resolutions calling on the Convention to insert in the constitution a provision prohibiting the employment in factories of children under ten years of age; another requiring all corporations to pay their operatives weekly and not monthly. Individual members then proposed that the constitution should prohibit anybody under eighteen years of age working in cotton or woollen factories more than eight hours a day. For the first of these prohibitions there is a great deal to be said, but if the constitution is to regulate matters of this kind it ought not to stop there. It ought to contain a complete code, both political and moral and sanitary—tell us what to eat, drink, avoid, hope, fear, and believe. There is one suggestion which we regret to see the "Committee on Good" omitted to make, but which we trust it will in justice to its own character yet make, and that is, that the constitution forbid all knaves and evil-disposed persons from residing in the State of New York more than thirty days after the next election. This measure might seem to some arbitrary, and even cruel, but when we consider the sweep and thoroughness of the reform that would be thus effected we cannot help hoping that no maudlin sympathy with the wicked would be allowed to stand in the way of its adoption. A bill is now before the English House of Commons, introduced by the ministry, forbidding the employment of any child under eight years old in any "handicraft;" or of any child under thirteen for more than six hours and a half a day, or earlier than six in the morning or later than eight at night; or of any person, male or female, under eighteen, for more than twelve hours, minus one hour and a half at least for meals and rest.

Mr. Greeley has been examined by the Judiciary Committee of the House touching his motives in bailing Jefferson Davis. Immediately after the bailing his course was defended by some of his friends on the ground that his appearance as bondsman, though not apparently was really necessary to secure Davis's liberation, inasmuch as it was well understood that nothing but the participation of some leading Northern man in the performance would induce Mr. Johnson to permit it. Mr. Greeley testifies, however, that he had no reason to suppose that his action would produce any influence whatever on the Government, that he had no understanding with any member of it on the subject, and never spoke to any member of the Cabinet about it except Mr. Speed. Mr. Speed did not give him even a hint of what he or the President thought of doing. Mr. Greeley's chief and only instigator was, in fact, his "intimate friend and acquaintance, Mr. George Shea;" so that his position remains just what the public supposed it to be.

On Friday last two men, William King and Abram Owens, were hanged at Franklin, Ky., with formalities that give one a pleasant notion of that region. At nine o'clock in the morning five ministers visited the jail and exhorted the prisoners and prayed with them. Then the two men were taken down-stairs and dressed in

black coats and trousers, lasting shoes, white gloves, and straw hats. Their hands were tied, a running noose of grass-rope three-quarters of an inch in diameter was put round the neck of each, lighted cigars were given them, and they set out for the gallows, which was at a little distance from the town. The local pride of the people of Franklin in their two murderers was exhibited in the arrangements for the procession more strikingly than in the costumes provided for the occasion. First came a brass band, next a military company, next the prisoners and sheriffs, next a wagon containing two coffins, next citizen guards, next the clergymen on foot, and finally "the citizens, male and female." The band played a funeral march all the way to the gallows, and the condemned men continually called to their friends in the crowd, and exhorted them to meet them in heaven. The number of spectators—men, women, and children—was very great. When the place of execution was reached "the sheriff introduced Captain King to the immense crowd," and he made a long speech, the substance of which, in his nervous excitement, he repeated many times. "This is my last speech," he said, among other things; "in two hours from now I hope I will be with my father in heaven. I am to die for the death of my brother. No one ever loved a brother better than I did that murdered boy. Had I known his murderer, I should not have said yea or nay, but I should have killed him." He died protesting his innocence, and so did his companion, though doubtless both were guilty. King lived no less than twenty-two minutes after the drop fell, the complaisant sheriff having, at his request, so arranged the noose that the neck should not be broken. An account of a more revolting execution we do not at present remember, and the simple recital of occurrences like this one ought, we should think, to do more to increase the number of people who oppose capital punishment than all M. Victor Hugo's rhetoric, and the increase will be quite as legitimate in the one case as the other.

Napoleon has achieved the greatest triumph of modern times. He has got the Sultan to Paris and carried him round the Great Exposition in his train, the Sultan no doubt feeling, as the Doge of Genoa felt at Versailles, that the most wonderful thing in all the display was his being there himself. To most Parisians he is chiefly remarkable as a monarch who has an unlimited number of wives, and who is reported to be in the habit of drowning the court beauties when they behave badly. The great Cable newsman, in trying, in his inarticulate way, to do him honor, has invented for him the title of "His Sublime Majesty." The newsman has probably been tempted into this outburst of reverence by the circumstance that it has long been the diplomatic custom to style the Ottoman Government the "Sublime Porte," literally the sublime gate of the palace—just as we speak of St. James's or the Tuileries as a synonym for the French or English Government. The Sultan's title in Europe has always been the "Grand Seigneur" (Venetian) or the "Grand Turk" (English), or, in modern times, "His Imperial Majesty the Sultan." We venture to say, however, that if the Cable newsman will speak of him in his despatches as simply "the Sultan," nine out of ten of us will know what he means.

This same newsman of the Associated Press seems, like the unfortunate man who cut his throat the other day in St. Peter's, to be nearly driven crazy by "the pomp and glitter and lights" of the ceremonies and festivities which he has now to describe every day. The military review at Satory and the Ascot races were near being too much for his feeble reason; but it seems to have fairly succumbed under the Pontifical High Mass celebrated at Rome in honor of the eighteen hundredth anniversary of St. Peter's martyrdom. At the close of a column of hysterical description of that gorgeous scene he burst into a kind of incoherent canticle, as irreverent as ridiculous, and which the editors of the great dailies ought really to have stricken out of the poor man's despatch. He tried to be sublime and religious, and only succeeded in being foolish and incomprehensible, when informing us of his own feelings when he saw the Host elevated, and "the priests and nobles, peasantry and soldiers, kneeling to earth to do reverence to the *Higher than the Highest!*" etc., etc. This is really disgraceful, and we once more call the attention of the city press to the matter.

Notes.

LITERARY.

THE dull season is fully upon us, and there is little to mention this week in the way of new announcements. Leypoldt & Holt will reprint an English book, the subject of which would seem to ally it with the volumes of their co-operative library now in course of publication. It is "The Progress of the Working Classes from 1832 to 1857," by John Malcolm Ludlow and Lloyd Jones. —Messrs. George Routledge & Sons announce a very cheap edition of the collected works of Bulwer, of which seven volumes are now ready. —Messrs. T. B. Peterson & Brothers have bought of Mrs. Henry Wood the right to publish in this country, in advance of its publication in England, the novel "Orville College." —The first volume of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields's reprint of the "Charles Dickens Edition" of Dickens's works will be out almost immediately. —Announcements by J. B. Lippincott & Co., which we have not previously mentioned, are "Melpomene Divina; or, Poems on Christian Themes," by Christopher Laomedon Pindar, a writer of whom we know nothing; "Sleep and its Derangements," by Dr. William A. Hammond; "Randolph Gordon, and Other Stories," by "Ouida;" "Eugene Aram," which will be the third volume of the excellent "Globe Edition" of Bulwer's novels; "The Farmer's and Planter's Encyclopedia of Rural Affairs," which is the work of Cuthbert W. Johnson, F.R.S., adapted to the United States by Gouverneur Emerson; and "Hanna's Ready Reckoner," which is a little book of tables giving the cubic contents of any possible stick of square or unequal sided timber. —Messrs. Clark & Bowron, of Chicago, announce that they will publish in quick succession twelve volumes—or what we take to be twelve volumes—in prose and verse, from the pen of Thomas Clarke. Dr. Clarke is a British gentleman who woos the muse in Chicago. Some of his poems are already in their sixth edition. The publishers say that all the works of Professor Clarke, which they are going to publish in the fall, "are of the deepest interest and the highest order of merit." These are their titles: "The Battle, and Other Poems, Patriotic and Humorous;" "Demetrius; or, The Conspirators: A Tragedy in five acts;" "The Aminta: A Sylvan Drama, translated from the Italian of Torquato Tasso;" "Miscellaneous Poems," "A Pastoral and Other Poems" (reprinted from the London edition); "Donna Rosa and the Silent Village" (reprinted); "A Day in May" (reprinted). All these are in verse; we have seen none of them, but we take the risk of saying that they are not extremely good. Two poems of Mr. Clarke's we have seen, namely, "The Two Angels" and "Sir Copp," which means "Sir Copperhead." As we have passed what may seem an unfavorable judgment on these works, it is fair to say that the publishers have information that "no book, since the days of Hudibras, has produced so great a sensation as 'Sir Copp.'" The forthcoming prose works by the same author are "Philip Thornton; or, The Adventurers;" "Life in the West," "The New Sentimental Journey," "Lectures and Essays," and "Miscellaneous Pieces."

—In default of a critical notice in these columns of the new novel, "Beauseincount," we lay before the public an appreciative word from the gentleman who criticised it for *The Louisville Journal*. He remarks generally that it is the best novel ever published in America, and the best novel ever published in English by a woman, and then coming to particulars he speaks thus warmly of the leading character:

"Bertie is unsurpassable. Her character must have been wafted to Mrs. Warfield by some stray breath of Sapphic song which blew through Mytelene. I can see the *petite* form of this little splinter of lightning, the moonlight on her tawny hair, incipient madness in her unutterable eyes, and the great taint of blood expanding her quivering nostrils as she comes from the park where the gibbering thing means and whines over its deadly melons. That lily lagoon too is grand when the crazed Ajax splashes and paddles under the unearthly glimmer of the yellow lightning, and the hot bolt dries the blood on his soul. . . . Gregory is splendidly drawn. . . . Colonel Levigne is a towering figure."

We do not know whether a man can in earnest be so "genial" as this critic, but we suppose the thing is possible. As for his eloquence, it is such as to range Kentucky by the side of Tennessee, who claims Mr. Tenney, the Fourth-of-July orator from whom we recently quoted.

—One could hardly desire a better text-book than Prof. Laboulaye's "History of the United States," of which a second edition was published in Paris a year ago, and of which we are now reminded by seeing it on the shelves of Mr. F. W. Christern, 863 Broadway. The work is in two volumes, and consists of lectures delivered by the author from his chair in the Collège de France in 1849 and 1863-4. The first volume treats in detail of the colonies before the Revolution, the circumstances of their settlement, the character of their founders, and the peculiarities of the charter of each

one. The second discusses the causes of the Revolution, the united action of the colonies, the confederation, and the train of events reaching to the peace of 1783. A third volume gives the history of the Constitution. M. Laboulaye, as he recently told an American, reads more English than he does French, and we may guess from this fact, as we may learn from his book, how thoroughly he has devoted himself to the study of American institutions. We do not know of a manual of American history which we should prefer to this, as a teacher; for one reason, because what seemed perfection in our government in 1849 is just now in debate, and nothing can be more instructive than to examine the arguments in its favor offered ten years before the rebellion by an acute and impartial observer. Besides, it is in the light of foreign criticism that we often understand not only best but first our own manners, principles even; and Prof. Laboulaye is for us in France what Prof. Goldwin Smith is in England, an admirer not blind but hearty. Between these two there is also a very close parallel in their attachment to religious liberty and in their appreciation of character as the basis of self-government and national advancement.

—Mr. Robert Lowe, who was a contemporary of Mr. Gladstone's at Oxford, and, as may be believed, a young man of great promise, was unable, on account of want of fortune, to enter at once, as Mr. Gladstone did, the field of politics. He therefore betook himself to Australia and the practice of the law, and, having acquired wealth, returned some years since to the mother country to find his former acquaintance the leading English statesman. He entered Parliament; and it is fresh in everybody's memory how he suddenly distinguished himself as a bitter opponent of Mr. Gladstone's Reform bill, an excellent debater, and master of an eloquence at once polished, sharp, and strong, which his enemies cannot help admiring while they fear it. They will not be sorry that an Australian bookmaker has shown them the vulnerable heel of this dangerous warrior. It appears that while a colonist Mr. Lowe contributed poetry to the Sydney *Atlas*, and some of his verses have been incorporated into a work compiled by Mr. G. B. Barton and entitled "The Poets and Prose Writers of New South Wales." We are not informed of the subject of the poem of which we copy from *The Spectator* this stanza:

"Yet still did I speed
On my way without heed,
Nor mourned for the wreck that was doing;
For my calm, cold light
Is my own delight,
And I smile o'er the ashes of ruin."

Distance in space is as good for some purposes as distance in time. Mr. Lowe away at the antipodes seems to have been like a bard of ancient ages, only half a versifier perhaps, but at least one half a prophet. It would be much in Mr. Disraeli's way to define Mr. Lowe's present political position in Mr. Lowe's own language. But then, too, Mr. Disraeli has some literary indiscretions of his own behind him.

—We are informed by Messrs. Leypoldt & Holt that two hundred and fifty is the number of new subscribers which the Early English Text Society want before they begin to reprint their publications of 1864 and 1865 now out of print. Though we believe a great number of these already are, and the rest are very soon to be secured, we willingly remind owners of libraries, students of English literature, book-purchasing committees of public libraries, and the book-reading and book-buying public generally of the value and interest of the society's books. We see it told in the literary gossip of *The Athenaeum* that the society now have in press a versified (alliterative) translation, never before printed, of Joseph of Exeter's Chronicle. To judge by an extract from his work given by *The Athenaeum*, the translator held in its fulness the mediæval faith in the authenticity and accuracy of the "pragmatic" histories of Dares Phrygius and Dictys Cretensis. If we recollect that Dictys kept—or says he kept, which is the same thing—a journal of the leading events of the Trojan war, that he makes no mention of gods and goddesses interfering in battles, but relates the truth as an eye-witness ought and can, that to his own authority he adds that of Idomeneus and Meriones, at whose request he wrote out his journal and published it, we shall be the better able to understand why our translator pours contempt on the unfortunate Homer. Virgil and Ovid, it will be seen, he regards as writers of veracity—Ovid honest, as he says, and Virgil virtuous. Thus he exposes the trifling and deceitful Melesigenes:

"He feyned myche fals was neuer before wrought,
And tralet the truth; trust ye non other.
Of his trifles to telle I haue no time nowe,
Ne of his feyned face that he fore with.
Howe goddes fought in the field, folke as thai were,
And other errors vnable that after were knownen,
That poeetis of priske haue preynt vntrew,
Ouid and other that onest were av
Virgill the virtuous verrit for nobill.
Thes dampnyt his dedys and for dull [deceit] holdyn."

We may add here, as an item of news that may be of interest to some of our readers, that the newly formed Spenser Society intend to begin their labors by publishing, in quarto, the works of J. Heywood, and for their second and third issues will give the complete works of Taylor, the water poet, and of Gascoigne.

—An English Shakespearean, Mr. George Russell French, believes that he has discovered "the long missing link which really unites Shakespeare with the ancient family of Arden of Warwickshire;" or, as one might say, which unites the ancient family of Arden of Warwickshire with Shakespeare. The connection, it appears, was made out by guesswork before, though it is true, too, says Mr. French, that "the late Mr. Hunter very nearly made this discovery" which Mr. French is so well pleased to put beyond doubt. Malone, and many biographers of the poet who follow Malone, say that Mary Arden, the mother of the poet, was the daughter of Robert Arden, of Willmecote, who was the son of another Robert, who again was the son of a Robert, who was younger brother of Sir John Arden, Kt., Esquire for the body to King Henry VII., which two were sons of Walter Arden, who was a recognized descendant of Ailwen, the Saxon sheriff of Warwick in the time of Edward the Confessor. But Mr. French has discovered that a certain freehold estate in Warwickshire, which Robert Arden in 1550 settled on his six daughters, was purchased in 1501 by Robert Arden and his father. Now, Mr. Halliwell, in the course of his researches, found that in the sixteenth year of the reign of Henry VII. (1501) an estate in Warwickshire was conveyed to certain other persons "*et Thomas Arden et Roberto Arden filio ejusdem Thomæ*." So, then, it seems that the grandfather of Shakespeare's mother was called not Robert, but Thomas Arden. Dugdale and Drummond Mr. French finds defective in some particulars; but with the aid of other genealogical authorities he is able to trace the poet's pedigree back without a break to the Saxon sheriff Ailwen, and in a forthcoming work he will be able, being assisted by one of the Staffordshire Ardens, to bring the table of the pedigree of the old family down to the present day, and of the Hartes from the poet's sister down to the same period. He expects, furthermore, to be able to identify all the dramatic personages of the historical plays, and is probably justified in thinking that his book will make an addition of appreciable value to Shakespearean literature.

—The influence of marriage on the death-rate is pretty well understood to be favorable. Just how favorable it is in Scotland we learn from a report on the subject made to the Royal Society of Edinburgh by Dr. Stark, who draws his conclusions from the returns of nine years deposited in the office of the Registrar-General. In general, it may be said that the death-rate is higher among men than among women, and a good deal higher among unmarried men than married. Taking one hundred thousand Scotchmen between the ages of 20 and 25, if they are married men 597 of them will die in the course of a year; but if they are not married the mortality will be almost twice as great—1,174. Of the same number of men between the ages of 30 and 35, the number of deaths annually among the married will be 907, among the unmarried 1,475. As we go on among the older men, the disparity between the yearly number of deaths among the two classes is not so great, but it is still great, and the advantage—though, to be sure, a constantly decreasing one—remains with the married till we come to men of eighty and ninety years, terms beyond which it is not worth while to go. A hundred thousand married men, between 40 and 45 years old, lose by the deaths of a twelvemonth 1,248 men; the same number of unmarried men of the same age lose 1,689. In the five years between 60 and 65, 3,385 of the married die, 4,330 of the unmarried; in the five years between 70 and 75, the figures stand for the married 8,055, for the unmarried 10,143; in the five years between 80 and 85, there are 17,400 deaths among the married men, and among the unmarried 19,688. The mean age at death of the men comprehended in the figures given above would be, of the married 59½, of the single no more than 40 years. It is not, then, remarkable, in view of these statistics, that even the picked single men of the army and navy are far distanced by the married civilian in the matter of expectation of life.

—The opening of the new art building at Yale College, which takes place on the 10th, is an event of some significance, its effect on the public taste considered. The merits of this particular exhibition may not be great, though a large number of pictures have been contributed from New York and elsewhere, but the constant presence of a good, even if small, collection, cannot fail to educate the students of the College in the first place, and next will afford the citizens of New Haven, and the country people who make their way thither in the course of the year, a familiar acquaintance with art such as is enjoyed only by the largest cities, and by not all of these. We hope this example will be imitated in other collegiate towns, and in towns which are larger and more central than these are apt to be.

THE DEFINITE RESULTS OF EGYPTOLOGY.*

AFTER an interval of seven years the concluding volume of Bunsen's history appears in an English dress, both the author and the translator meantime having passed away. Nearly twenty years have elapsed since the publication of the first volume (1848), and American buyers must now pay \$31 for the fifth alone, almost as much as the estimated cost of the whole work. This volume contains a summary of results from the entire field of discussion, a translation of the Egyptian "Book of the Dead," a dictionary and grammar of hieroglyphics, with selected Egyptian texts in the form of a chrestomathy, and an appendix of fragments of Philo.

The great value of Bunsen's work consists in the discussion of Egyptian history in its relations to the history of mankind and the application of linguistic science, the philosophy of religion, and general archaeology to the solution of its problems. While some of his speculations are fanciful and his conclusions arbitrary, there is much in his method that deserves commendation, and his industry and zeal were above praise. He adopts the computations of Eratosthenes to correct the chronology of Manetho, and, as a result, gives for the date of Menes 3059 B.C., Abraham in Canaan 2314 B.C., the Exodus 1320 B.C. It is too early yet to pronounce with confidence upon these numbers, since the chronology of Egypt is now undergoing a process of sifting, and the best scholars are not agreed in their conclusions. Without following our author in details, we will glance at some of the more general and definite results of Egyptology as represented by his work.

The claim of Egyptology to be ranked among the sciences was vigorously contested by the late Sir George Cornewall Lewis in his "Historical Survey of the Astronomy of the Ancients." Setting aside Manetho's lists of Egyptian kings and dynasties as "a royal phantasmagoria, without the bone and muscle of history," discarding, also, the lists handed down by the classical authors as in great part imaginary or fabulous, that critic regarded the chronological schemes of Lepsius, Bunsen, and other prominent Egyptologists as purely conjectural—an attempt "to transmute legend into history." Nor had he any confidence in the reading of the hieroglyphic inscriptions and the conclusions that Egyptologists have drawn from them. "The meagreness of the historical information which Bunsen and Brugsch profess to have derived from the hieroglyphic inscriptions must be apparent," said Lewis, "to every reader of the hieroglyphical writings which have been interpreted correctly, and if they may be taken as a sample of the rest, we may be satisfied that there is nothing worth knowing, and, it may be feared, that the future discoveries of the Egyptologists will be attended with results as worthless and as uncertain as those which have hitherto attended their ill-requited and barren labors." If this judgment was correct, some of the most laborious and conscientious scholarship of our time has been utterly wasted.

Almost every science in its infancy has been obnoxious to the charge of crude and extravagant theorizing; but it must be admitted that the field of Egyptology has been remarkably fruitful in arbitrary conjectures and chimerical theories. Of late years, however, the results of the labors of scholars in this department have been far more definite and satisfactory, and their methods no longer empirical, but truly scientific. Without attempting to popularize the processes, we will give a brief summary of the more important of these results.

First in order is the placing Champollion's system of hieroglyphic interpretation upon sure and solid grounds. The clue to that interpretation furnished by the Rosetta Stone has been followed by the deciphering of a great variety of monuments through "the collation of hieroglyphic texts containing the same subject matter with each other and with the *hieratic* manuscripts" (in which by rapid writing the hieroglyphics of the monument were reduced almost to a cursive hand, afterwards still further simplified in the *demotic*), and especially through the collation of the phonetic signs of the old Egyptian with Coptic words of like signification. The basis of this system of interpretation is the division of the hieroglyphs into two classes—*ideographs*, or those representing ideas, and *phonetics*, or those employed for sounds; and its method has been verified by the fact that different scholars have thereby come at the same results in deciphering independently the same texts—as, for instance, the translations of the stele of Rameses XII. in the Louvre, by several Egyptologists laboring apart, concur in the interpretation with a remarkable uniformity.

A striking confirmation of the method of interpretation pursued by the school of Champollion has been obtained from the discovery at Tanis of a bilingual inscription much longer and more perfect than that of the Rosetta

* "Egypt's Place in Universal History. An Historical Investigation, in five Books. By C. C. J. Baron Bunsen, D.Ph., D.C.L., D.D. Translated from the German by Charles H. Cottrell, Esq., M.A., with additions by Samuel Birch, LL.D." Vol. V. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1867.

Stone. This discovery was due to the researches of Dr. Lepsius, during his visit to Lower Egypt, in the early part of 1866. The inscription belongs to the ninth year of Ptolemy III., Euergetes I., about 239 B.C., and is therefore nearly forty years earlier than the Rosetta Stone. It is in praise of the king and his queen, Berenice, for their pious and beneficent deeds and their successful foreign wars, and is composed of thirty-seven lines of hieroglyphics, followed by a Greek translation in seventy-six lines. This inscription is valuable for the light which it throws incidentally upon the Egyptian calendar. But its chief worth is philological; for since both texts are complete, and their subject-matter is well understood from contemporaneous historical sources, the Tanis Stone is a test of the interpretation consequent upon the discovery of the Rosetta Stone, and the confirmation which it brings to many of the conclusions of Egyptologists establishes the interpretation of hieroglyphics as a science whose leading principles are well understood and whose general results are sound. This inscription has been published at Berlin by Dr. Lepsius, in a beautiful folio entitled "Das bilingue Dekret von Kanopus," and at Vienna by Messrs. S. Leo Reinisch and E. Robert Roessler, in a neat octavo, "Die Zweisprachige Inschrift von Tanis."

The attention of Egyptologists is now much given to the preparation of scientific helps to the study and interpretation of the hieroglyphics. Among these may be mentioned as of special value the "Dictionary of Hieroglyphics, with the Hieroglyphic Grammar and Chrestomathy," prepared by Dr. Samuel Birch, of the British Museum, and incorporated with this fifth volume of "Egypt's Place in Universal History;" Vicomte de Rougé's "Chrestomathie Egyptienne," published by A. Franck, of Paris; and Dr. Brugsch's "Hieroglyphisch-Demotisches Wörterbuch," now issuing in numbers from the press of Hinrich at Leipzig.

With the positive and definite results already obtained from the system of hieroglyphic interpretation employed by the best Egyptologists, and the scientific apparatus now provided for the application of that system to monuments not yet deciphered, so far from distrusting with Sir G. C. Lewis the interpretation of hieroglyphics as ambiguous, and rejecting its results as worthless, one may rather believe with Dr. Birch that many of the Egyptian papyri "are as trustworthy as the best classical manuscripts of the Middle Ages," and that "the interpretation of the extinct languages of Egypt and Central Asia will ever rank as one of the distinguishing features of the nineteenth century."

Next in importance among the definite results of Egyptological research is the revision of Manetho's lists by the monumental tablets, so that the historical order of the early kings of Egypt is well-nigh complete. This is due mainly to the discovery, in 1860, by M. Mariette, of a list of the kings of the second and third dynasties, registered in a tomb at Sakkarah, and known as the "Tablet of Memphis or Sakkarah;" and the no less valuable discovery in 1866 by Mr. Dümichen of the "Sethos Tablet," at Abydos, which gives nearly all the kings of the first dynasty, and supplies many *lacunæ* in the lists of Manetho and in the well-known Tablet of Abydos. Upon the Tablet of Sethos I., that monarch, accompanied by his son Rameses, is represented as rendering homage to his royal predecessors, from Menes downward. The list numbers seventy-six cartouches, and so far as the names admit verification they are arranged in a strictly historical order. The first four dynasties as recorded upon these newly-discovered monuments differ materially from the list of Manetho as preserved by Africanus, but agree more nearly with the list of Eratosthenes, to which both Bunsen and Rougé resort for the correction of Manetho; and the tablets of Memphis and Sethos accord so minutely with each other and with the fragmentary list of the Turin papyrus that the combined authority of these three documents will hardly be disputed. Thus the problem of the historical succession of the kings of Egypt approaches its solution; the data for its final determination are becoming more settled; and when these royal lists shall have been definitely made out, the chronology of the Egyptian empire may be at least proximately ascertained. The probabilities are that the received chronology of the Old Testament, especially for the period from the creation to the time of Abraham, will require to be much extended, though by no means to the degree conjectured by Bunsen and other extremists.

Another result of Egyptological research is the unfolding of the theological and philosophical belief of the ancient Egyptians, especially through the study of the "Funereal Ritual, or Book of the Dead." This remarkable production has been almost a sealed book, partly because of its mystical character, and partly because of the intrinsic difficulties of its construction. Within the past three years, however, great advances have been made toward a full understanding of the design and meaning of the ritual, and the attention of Egyptologists is likely to be concentrated upon it until its contents shall be fully mastered.

The Vicomte de Rougé is now publishing a superb folio edition of "The

Ritual," based upon the Turin papyrus, and collated with the papyri of the Louvre. This is accompanied with a partial translation and commentary. Dr. Reinisch, of Vienna, has written a valuable monograph upon the Egyptian funereal monuments in the collection of the Archduke Maximilian at Miramar; Mons. Chabas, Mr. Brugsch, the late Dr. Hincks, and others have furnished translations of important chapters of "The Ritual;" and, within a few weeks, Dr. Samuel Birch has published a translation of the entire book, which is incorporated with Vol. V. of Bunsen's "Egypt's Place in Universal History." Although many passages of the book are still obscure, yet as a key to the religious belief of the Egyptians it possesses a marvellous interest. The original unity and eternity of the Supreme Being, the creation of the world and of all existences by his almighty power, the immortality of the soul, and a future state of rewards and punishments—these and like dogmas found in documents which antedate the sojourn of the Hebrews in Egypt give to the early faith of the Egyptians a remarkable significance among the religions of antiquity. Indeed, one may distinctly trace the influence of the Egyptian belief concerning Elysium and Hades upon the faith of the Greeks and other later nations; and, according to Dr. Birch, the descriptions of Hades in the 149th chapter of the "Book of the Dead," "give an esoteric notion of the nature of the regions of the damned rivalling the cold Hades of a Homer or the hotter hell of a Dante or a Milton."

It does not lie within the province of this article to enumerate the more palpable results of what may be called the pictorial department of Egyptology—the knowledge of manners, customs, arts, rites, wars, buildings, castes, races, etc., derived from the decorations of tombs, palaces, and monuments. But this brief outline of what has been accomplished in interpreting language, in determining history and chronology, and in unfolding religious faith by purely scientific methods, must vindicate the claim of Egyptology to a place among the sciences; and we may indulge the hope that American scholarship will be represented in this field as successfully as in the departments of philology and of the physical sciences.

THE INVISIBLES.*

THE book before us must be judged, though it need not be approached, on the plane of spiritualism. It assumes that there is an after-life, that the departed can and do revisit their old haunts, and give unmistakable signs of their presence, and that they are, in fact, the cause of the phenomena which are attributed to them. Many persons will only need to read the first chapter—a narrative of personal experience—to pronounce the author insane, and to throw down the volume. They will do him a double wrong. Instead of being the crowning example of the pernicious effects of spiritualism upon the human understanding, they will find him, if they will but read to the end, a cautious, well-balanced, sagacious observer, and the most formidable critic that spiritualists have yet had—spiritualism we might have said in place of spiritualists; but the author contends that the spirits have borrowed their theories from the brains of their votaries. Where he diverges from the latter is in the secondary, not the primary, inductions from the phenomena which both acknowledge as real; but this divergence is, the question of immortality apart, fundamental, as respects the practical value of spiritualism or our knowledge of the life to come. Sense he opposes to their nonsense, positiveness (a great quality, even when mistaken) to their vagueness, consistency, finally, to their inconsistency.

We have not a suspicion who the author is. He allows us to know that he is a native of Ohio, and now, or till recently, a banker in this city. From his style, which is very perspicuous but not always grammatical—chiefly when the predicate nominative or accusative and the future tense are to be used—we infer that he is not a practised writer. Of his reading we can only judge within the limited sphere of his subject, and there it seems to have been extensive and discriminating. He is undoubtedly a remarkable "medium"—one, he says, whom the higher class of spirits would consent to employ as their interpreter on earth. His narrative begins in 1863, and his conflict with those spirits whom he does not hesitate to denominate "devils," and who sought to use him for their own purposes, has not apparently terminated to this day. We shall say no more of his experience than that it was very extraordinary, that he pursued his investigations in solitude, and that, by sheer force of will and strength of mind, he succeeded, he says, in opening a communication with his mother and other relatives, who imparted to him as well as they were able, amid great opposition, explanations which confound the doctrines of "circles" hitherto thought to be "well-informed." The deceptions through which he struggled to this fountain-head of truth are

* "The Invisibles: an Explanation of Phenomena commonly called Spiritual." Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1867. Pp. 331.

the same, he declares, by which thousands are constantly cheated, *i. e.*, personations by unscrupulous spirits of all sorts of characters, according to their convenience—generally of the dead, but sometimes of the living. How he could be certain that after all he was not dealing with a personation, and that his authority for his theory is not another lying angel, the author does not disclose.

The lower class of spirits, he says, are more magnetic than the upper, and can under ordinary circumstances bar them from mundane intercourse. Even should the latter triumph for a moment, they would know that immediately on their withdrawal their friends would be exposed to the grossest deception by their rivals, partly in revenge and partly because the truth is not in these creatures. They have power to influence the mind to believe in their assertions, to confuse the brain, and prevent independent thinking. They spend most of their time here among the mediums, having a much more decided affinity for their former than their present mode of existence. In other times they used to find vent for their earthiness in hauntings and the like; since a Yankee girl had the wit to exorcise them with the alphabet, they have in great measure abandoned the ruder demonstrations. "Only the lowest, vilest, and most unintellectual of the other world have hitherto been able to acquire any considerable control of any one of our world;" and it is "always a devil in control of a medium." Hence the flatness and narrow commonplaceness of their "messages." Spirits in general see the material objects about us imperfectly. They cannot read writing, but they do—which answers the same end—the mind of the writer; nor the title-page of a book. With great difficulty some of his persecutors deciphered the number of a store on Broadway, of which the figures were eight inches high. Our atmosphere is dark to them, and they cannot readily discern where their friends are. In our darkness they see best. They cannot read each other's minds. They have not the gift of prophecy, and can never foresee an event which has not taken place. By reading our minds they can form a more or less accurate judgment of the future from our intentions, and they can impress this judgment, as if an actual occurrence, upon the minds of others.

The invisibles are "spirits" only by courtesy. Their bodies are as substantial as our own, and composed of the same matter. This is true also of their world as compared with ours, the difference between which "consists simply in a different combination or crystallization of the particles of matter." Yet their two substances pass through each other without obstruction. The invisible world extends from the centre of the earth to the verge of our atmosphere, and upon its surface is the proper abode of the departed, so that "heaven" has a mean distance from us of about forty-five miles. But it is not reached at a bound. The popular and spiritual notion of a disembodied spirit, which has an airy but still definite form, and that a somewhat improved likeness of the corporeal, is erroneous. The other world is peopled as the earth was gradually stocked with species—by reproduction from the spiritual germ. Neither Darwin nor Chambers, nor yet the theologian with his "special creation," is right. The races of living things are repeated and perpetuated by natural generation, but each species has in itself the germ of a higher which fructifies only upon the death of the animal, and again only in favorable conditions. Man may possibly thus be the offspring of the monkey, who preceded him on the earth, for this theory permits gaps in the order of the creation which are found (but not satisfactorily accounted for) in the Darwinian sequence. After death, continues our author, the human germ remains half an hour without sign of life, at least to the perception of the spirits. In three days it reaches its former stage of development—if youthful, youthful still; if mature, equally mature. As to the seat of the germ in our body there is no speculation, nor is the pineal gland alluded to. One, purely logical, criticism on this theory suggests itself. The author says he is far from certain that man is the highest animal destined to appear on our globe. If this be so, why have not the lower animals their invisible world for continued existence so long as conditions here are unfavorable to their development into new species? But we are told that their germs perish in such circumstances.

For an ingenious explanation of the various spiritual phenomena, we must refer the reader to the book itself. The author maintains that they have never taken place without the presence of a medium, and many of them—such as certain dreams, the vision of apparitions, etc.—he explains without the *deus ex machina*. It is from this latter standpoint especially, and from an unqualified denial of the coexistence of a spiritual with our fleshy body, which it occasionally deserts for a time, that he examines some of the most inexplicable stories that fill the pages of Howitt and Robert Dale Owen ("Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World"). Probably no single work on spiritualism has had so much influence with intellectual minds as that whose title we have just given, but we do not hesitate to say that its

argument and its facts are powerfully shaken by the judicial acumen of this nameless critic, who candidly selects those examples which he confesses his theory fails to embrace. In this case he usually, and with good reason, casts doubt upon the narrative. Whether satisfactory or not, the whole chapter is replete with interest, and does credit to the ability and fairness of the author.

NOTES ON THE NEW EDITION OF WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY.

NO. XVII.

Calk.—Supposed to be from Fr. *calcater*, which is referred to Arabic *galafa*. It is difficult to believe that *calk* could be derived from *calcater*; and if we admit the possibility of such a deduction, we are still met by the improbability of the introduction of an Arabic word into all the European languages, to denote an operation familiar to all Europe before the Arabs or their arts were known to Western civilization. Engelmann, a high authority, believes *calcater* to be derived from Lat. *calcificare*, *calcificare*, on account of the application of heat in *calking*, or perhaps rather in the accompanying operation of paying, and he thinks that a similar Arabic verb has been borrowed from the European word, not from a native root. Be this as it may, it is capable of documentary proof that the Latin *calcare* was employed in the Middle Ages in the precise sense of *to calk*, and there is therefore a strong presumption that Wedgwood is right in deriving the English *to calk* from the former verb.

Calcare, literally to tread or press with the heel, *calx*, was employed by the ancients in senses closely analogous, though, so far as I know, not identical with *E. to calk*; nor does Du Cange cite any case where *calcare* is so used in M. L. But in a contract of the year 1248, printed in the "Documenti Inediti riguardanti le due Crociate di Ludovico IX.," now in course of publication at Genoa, I find: "Ego martinus calafatus de lembregaria promitto . . . *calcare* navem tuam . . . de omni labore pertinenti ad calafatiam" (p. 35); and in a note on the same page, the editor, Belgrano, cites from the eighth book of Guido de Vigevano, "De modo acquirendi et expugnandi terram sanctam," this passage: "Postea fortiter inclaveletur navis super curvis illis, et postea *calchentur* stopino cum cuniis et macis."

It is probable that our English verb came from the Latin through the French, but there is some difficulty in making out the historical connection, and this arises from the fact that, as first employed, *calfatage* included both *paying* and *calking*, and the various words indicating these different operations seem to have been used almost indiscriminately. The difficulty is increased by the fact that the Old French *calquer* and *chausser* may both be legitimately derived either from *calcare*, *to calk*, or from *calx*, in the sense of lime, which substance was one of the ingredients of a composition used for *paying*. The earliest English example known to me—that in Palsgrave—appears to be equally comprehensive in meaning: "I *calke* a shypp or bote with tow and pytche, or I make them cleane. *Je calfetre*." The different French texts of Marco Polo give both forms of the verb, *calquer* and *chausser* (*chaucier*), and they, as well as the earliest Italian translation, expressly mention lime mixed with oil and tow or hemp as a material employed in China, instead of pitch, for paying ships. It appears from Lord Macartney's narrative that this practice is still continued in that country. (See Marco Polo, Pauthier's edition, Paris, 1865, p. 535; also the same traveller, in Ramusio, II. 49, b, and in the Magliabecchi text, Florence, 1865, pp. 232, 233. See also, *post*, my note on *Pay*, to pitch.)

Camlet.—The Oriental form of this word, *khamlat*, indicates clearly that it is not allied to *camel*, but is derived from a different root, and there are several cognate words, such as *khamail*, *khamilat*, etc., which are applied only to silk, velvet, or other soft and lustrous fabrics, whether watered or plain. In the early European examples of this word, it signifies similar tissues, as will be seen by the citations collected in my note on *camlet* in the American edition of Wedgwood. Camel's hair is not and never was the raw material of *camlet*, nor is *camlet* necessarily waving or undulated in surface. Belon, edition of 1588, p. 373, describes this stuff as woven from the wool of the Angora goat, and says that *camlets* (*chamelots*) may be "ondez ou sans ondez," watered or plain.

The error as to the origin of this word has arisen partly from a hasty deduction from apparent similarity of form between our modern spelling *camlet* and *camel*, and partly from a confusion between *camlet* and *camelin*, which latter was a very cheap fabric of coarse wool, possibly mixed with camel's hair. *Camlet*, or, as it was formerly written, in accordance with etymology, *chamlet*, is usually enumerated among the finest and costliest tissues, though it is not always discriminated from *camelin*; and on the other hand *camelin* is sometimes employed where *camlet* is meant. Thus, St. Louis ordered Joinville to purchase a hundred pieces of *camelin* of differ-

ent colors, "to give to the Cordeliers when we should come again to France." This must have been the coarse fabric, for the Cordeliers wore no other. See Joinville, edition of Michaud and Poujoulat, p. 297. On the other hand, in a passage on p. 179 of the same volume, a man of humble origin is blamed for abandoning the simple dress of his father, and wearing "a richer *camelin* than the king himself," while on page 184 the king is spoken of as dressed in "une cote de *chamelot*." Probably the confusion is in part due to the carelessness of copyists, and in any event, whatever may be the origin of the word *camelin*, *camelot* is certainly not cognate with *camel*. In a note on p. 188 of F. Michel's edition of Joinville, Paris, 1859, the editor notices the distinction between the two words, and refers to his "Recherches sur le commerce, la fabrication et l'usage des étoffes de soie," etc., Vol. II., pp. 48-51, but I have not been able to consult that work.

Can (or *gan*), began, in Old English. In many if not most of the cases where this word occurs, it has lost its original meaning, and has become a simple auxiliary or sign of the past tense corresponding to our present use of *did*. In the passage cited from Spenser,

"With gentle words he *can* her fairly greet,"

the sense is not, he *began* to greet her, but simply he greeted or did greet her.

Carafa.—This is an Oriental word, and is in all probability the same as *carboy*, which, as I have shown in the note on the latter word in the American edition of Wedgwood, is indisputably Persian.

Carboy.—See note in the American edition of Wedgwood.

Caster.—A phial or cruet for condiments; a set of rude cruets; a frame containing a set of casters; a small wheel or roller on which frames or sets of casters were mounted, the name being afterwards transferred to similar rollers or swivels for bedsteads, chairs, sofas, and the like.

I have never met with any attempt to explain the origin of this word, but two etymologies occur to me as possible. Sets or stands of *casters* were often made in the general form of a mediæval *castle*, and such may still be seen in old sets of table silver. *Castles* would easily be corrupted into *caster*, and the name of the stand transferred to both the single phials and the rollers on which the whole apparatus was moved.

I prefer, however, a different derivation. Phials with perforated tops, like the present pepper-cruets, were used in the sixteenth and following centuries for sprinkling rose-water and other fluid perfumes, and were called "*casting bottles*." The form and mode of using being substantially the same, vessels for condiments naturally took the same name. This name, in the form of a *set of casters*, was next applied to the frame or stand which contained the phials, and finally to the rollers on which such frames were mounted. The subsequent application of the same designation to similar rollers for other pieces of furniture is perfectly natural.

Admitting this derivation to be the true one, as I have no doubt it is, it is a good illustration both of the caprices of etymology and of the importance of attention to the actual history of words. By what I have called transcendental etymology—the theoretical deduction of forms and meanings from known or supposed roots of special significance—we could never have learned that a roller, swivel, or cylindrical wheel for a sofa took its name from that of a phial used for sprinkling apartments, clothing, and other objects with perfumed water; but when we trace the biography of the word, we find that its descent from its supposed ancestor, and all its changes of meaning, are perfectly legitimate.

Cater, to cut in a diagonal direction. For this word and its definition Halliwell is cited, but the phrase *to cut catering*, though very common in New England, especially with reference to cutting cloth obliquely, is not noticed by the editors of Webster or by Bartlett. I have often heard it pronounced *quartering*, a form which suggests a possible, perhaps a probable, etymology for the word. Palgrave, p. 829, col. a, has a *katerwaynyng* as an adverbial phrase, and gives *agars*—a word which I have not met with in French literature or lexicons, but which is probably the Celtic *gyrr*, across—as the French equivalent. It is highly probable that the first element in *katerwaynyng* is the same as the more modern *cater*. Worcester quotes Carr's "Craven Dialect" as authority for *catty* or *cater*-cornered, diagonal, and observes, as is indeed the fact, that this expression is common in the United States.

Clapper, an enclosed place for rabbits to burrow in. This word the editors derive from Fr. *se clapi*, to squat, to conceal one's self. Cotgrave's definition of Fr. *clapier*, "a heap of stones whereunto they [the coney] retire themselves," is considered by Wedgwood, and I have no doubt rightly, as suggesting the true etymology. Wherever French or Gallo-Italic dialects are spoken on the flanks of the Alps, and even in Dauphiné and Provence, *clapier*, *clapié*, *clapé*, *clapeira*, etc., is the general

name for heaps of stone, and especially for large accumulations of rocks which have fallen from the mountains, and are favorite retreats of the wild rabbit, hare, or coney. The M. L. *claperiam*, *claperia*, had before the fourteenth century this meaning only, though later it acquired that of the Fr. *clapier*. (See Littré.) The root of *clapier* is *clap*, which in several of those dialects signifies a stone, or a hard lump.

A Painter's Camp. By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. In Three Books. Book I. in England, Book II. in Scotland, Book III. in France. (Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1867.)—Mr. Hamerton published in 1862 a book in two volumes, and rather complex in nature, called "*A Painter's Camp in the Highlands, and Thoughts about Art*." The first volume contained the record of his experiences in trying to paint minutely and accurately from nature, with the aid of an ingenious hut with plate-glass windows, and a surpassingly safe and steady double-tube boat, on whose broad deck the hut was sometimes set up. The second volume was devoted to essays upon topics connected with the fine arts. More recently, the author has separated this work into two, avowing his previous wish to try to float the "*Thoughts*" by tacking them to the adventures and experiences of the "*Camp*." The book before us is a reprint of the more popular and generally interesting part. To the matter of the first volume is added several interesting chapters about some aspects of life in France not often touched upon by travellers who write for the public. The whole is an unusually interesting book of travel, with enough generally well-put discussion of art to benefit decidedly those who will read it.

The careful word-pictures of scenery are very interesting. They are not poetical, and therefore not wholly satisfactory, but they are suggestive. Mr. Hamerton has for a long time been a purely topographical painter with the brush, and here has tried to practise his art with the pen. These and his poem, "*The Isles of Loch Awe*," show the painter to us who have never seen any of his own handiwork on paper or canvas.

In this book, at least, he shows to better advantage as a shrewd and kindly observer of life and manners than in any other way. He is not, and does not try to be, profound; but he is a liberal-minded Englishman, and sees things that his countrymen do not often see, and sees that they do not see them. His chapters about Burgundy and Sens are very good reading, slight and unimportant as they are, and though he has told so little of the much he might have told, what he has told may be taken as very accurately true, and not colored by the spectacles of nationality and language. It will be well if those who read and enjoy this book are induced by it to read the author's much more important writings upon the fine arts, many of which are very valuable. They are so little entertaining that few persons not painters seem to care for his papers in the last volume of *The Art Journal*, for instance; but painters like them very much, and all who care for pictures may get instruction from them.

Emanuel Swedenborg as a Philosopher and Man of Science. By Rudolph Leonard Tafel, P.D. (Chicago: E. B. Myers & Chandler.)—We said, two months ago, in reviewing the theological works of Swedenborg, that "no one familiar with his books can doubt that they furnish to future speculation—religious, scientific, or philosophic—a storehouse of facts and experiences inestimably precious." The aim of the volume before us is to establish this proposition in its last two divisions. Curiously enough the editor—we cannot call him author—has adopted the plan of simply reprinting his scrap-book, as it were, in which he has for years been gathering every testimony to the greatness of Swedenborg. To the common mind the impression would have been quite as strong if Dr. Tafel had contented himself with publishing the chapter in which he catalogues his subject's writings, and which no person can read without doing homage to so universal a mind. Indeed, when one considers the paucity of the followers of Swedenborg, and the almost universal conception of him as a theological leader like Calvin and Wesley and Fox, it is something to make it known that he invented the air-tight stove, let alone other discoveries attributed to him in physiology, astronomy, medicine, chemical physics, etc., etc. We cannot help thinking, however, that the effect of this summary of opinion is seriously impaired by the want of discrimination in putting it together. Let us confess that, whether of persons or of periodicals, an opinion delivered twenty years ago is not, in the domain of science, unquestionable authority, since something has probably been learned in the interval; and let us further doubt the prudence of advocating the superiority of Swedenborg by saying that, as he predicted, "the sciences were carried to the tomb, where they now are buried, with the mind their subject, in the small dust of modern experience"! And is science, albeit truly in these days "infinite division," "a mist of hypotheses crawling along the ground, and making every step uncer-

tain and perilous"? Or again, such truisms as this—a not surprising conclusion for a review written in 1845—what value have they now for confirmation, enlightenment, or conviction?—"We honestly declare that, be its merits [Swedenborg's *Animal Kingdom*] great or none, or in whatever intermediate category it be placed, it stands alone amid scientific writings, and is a monument, at any rate, of the persistent daring and originality of Swedenborg."

It is also unfortunate for Dr. Tafel's purpose that he allows glimpses of the excess of some disciples in claiming originality for their master. He is himself obliged to call to account one of his principal contributors, Mr. Beswick, when he asserts with confidence that Swedenborg declared the composition of air, whereas if you grant him his oxygen, his nitrogen is not beyond dispute—which reminds us that this instance, like several others, proves that obscurity which the compiler denies does attach to the doctrines of Swedenborg. You cannot have a difference of interpretation without obscurity, and the moment there arises this difference, it is easier to insist on your view than to get it respected. Concerning this whole controversy as to what Swedenborg taught, understood, or foreshadowed, the remarks of F. W. Robertson are worth recalling:

"Much of the beauty that is laid to Shakespeare's charge is too far-fetched to have been intended by him. Mrs. Jameson errs in this respect, and so do the Germans. . . . Such critics do with Shakespeare what Swedenborg did with the Bible—inform it with themselves and their own sentiments and philosophy; or as the wolf did with Baron Munchausen's horse, began at his tail, and ate into him until the Baron drove the wolf home, harnessed in the skin of the horse. Certainly Shakespeare was 'a million-minded man,' if he was conscious of the innumerable philosophies and psychological truths which his million critics have found in every trifling word and sentence."

Dr. Tafel announces a future complete American edition of Swedenborg's works. If they are as beautifully and correctly printed as this forerunner, they will be a creditable addition to any library.

Liber Librorum: Its Structure, Limitations, and Purposes. A Friendly Communication to a reluctant Sceptic. (New York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1867.)—A religious book without a Latin title will soon be a rarity if the rage for this novelty continues. We have had "Ecce Homo" and "Ecce Deus" and "Deus Homo" and "Credibilia," and now we have "Liber Librorum." It is a good "dodge," and cheats the newspapers out of one-half their advertisements. There is evidently a good deal in a name despite the ancient question. Had the title of this book been simply "The Bible," it would probably not have sold so well as it now does by one-half. It is an earnest, anxious, and, in the main, good-tempered book. But it gets very much enraged with ritualism, and hits at it very hard. It has more patience with scepticism than with Papal tendencies. It takes for granted what is very commonly denied, that the scepticism of the present is not wilful and outrageous, but reluctant and religious. The author is probably an Anglican churchman of the Broad Church type. The writers whom he quotes with greatest favor are Stanley, Maurice, and others of their stripe of thought. But, though an Anglican, he seems to be no lover of the Established Church as at present organized, and, in a note to his work, argues at some length in favor of a separation of the Episcopal Church from the state, and the establishment of a new national church upon the basis of "the Apostles' Creed and such portions of the Book of Common Prayer as are in harmony therewith." Upon the question of Biblical inspiration, with which our author principally deals, he takes a middle ground. Defending, on the one hand, the supreme authority of the Scriptures in respect to all questions of religious faith, and insisting on their permanent and indispensable superiority above all other books as composed by men divinely aided and inspired; on the other hand, he argues that the "bibliolatry" which idolizes the letter of the Scriptures is against the claims of the Scriptures themselves, and rejects "the narrowness of that theological dogmatism" which puts its own meanings into the language of the Bible, and insists that they were there from the beginning. The book has evidently been prepared in haste; it is not written carefully. There are some things which the author had better settle for himself before attempting to assist the doubts of others. To the solution of the problems of the time its contribution is scarcely appreciable. But its earnestness may well be copied, and its candor ought certainly to be commended.

The Romance of the Age. By Edward E. Dunbar. (New York: D. Appleton & Co.)—Mr. Dunbar succeeds better in his narration than in his philosophic and pious reflections, and his narrative itself would be better if it kept a closer grip upon its subject. But the booklet is interesting and its object is excellent. It seeks, by a short biography of John A. Sutter, the Californian pioneer, now old and poor, to awaken a patriotic, generous, and practical sympathy for him in the hearts of the thousands who are sharing the splendid and substantial results of his discovery. To this end it tells in undress English how Captain Sutter, after the failure (through Providential

causes) of his Swiss colony in Missouri, struck for California by way of New Mexico, Oregon, and the Sandwich Islands; then, against great obstacles of man and elements, built his fort near Sacramento—there, with his cattle and corn, liberally relieving the starved emigrant bands and giving livelihood to hundreds in his mills and fields; the lord of a broad territory, which was roamed by his bees and mules and swine and sheep in thousands; the commander of a national fort; then, when the gold invasion burst in, robbed of all his stock, deserted by his hundreds of workmen, disappointed in his immense crops, and at length driven from his very home; afterwards paying enormous costs to recover his property from the thousand lawless squatters, but at the last appeal suffering judgment against himself for the better half of it; then losing all the remainder in making good his warranties upon the portion decreed away from him. With this narrative are interwoven chapters on the English and the Mormon attempts upon California, just five minutes behind the universal Yankees; on the establishment of the Pacific line of steamers just at the critical moment, and the trials and perils of the first trip.

Carmina Yalensis. A complete and accurate collection of Yale College songs, with piano accompaniment. Compiled and arranged by Ferd. V. D. Garretson. (New York: Taintor Brothers.)—The only other collection of college songs with which we are familiar is one published in 1860 by Russell & Tolman, of Boston, and compiled by a student of Harvard College. University pride could not make Harvard a singing *Burschenschaft*, and only 17 songs were claimed for the institution by Mr. Stevens. To Yale he allotted 19, and to Williams and Dartmouth about 10 each. In Mr. Garretson's narrower but more voluminous list we find nearly 100 songs, though by no means all representing as many different tunes. Four of them are among the seventeen that Harvard has appropriated as peculiar to herself, and fourteen are found in the Yale department of the Tolman edition. From the not infrequent exchange of students between the two colleges, it is not surprising that certain songs should be naturalized in both. The "Carmina" is very clearly printed and very substantially bound, and we should think would meet with a ready sale in the colleges of all the States. We need not say that, except in the Latin songs, neither of the collections we have been comparing has anything in common with the delightful "Commersbuch" of the German students.

A Political Manual for 1866 and 1867. By Edward McPherson, Clerk of the United States House of Representatives. (Washington, 1867.)—In announcing this compilation we bore witness to the industry and impartiality of the editor, and now that the work is out "we have the honor," in mercantile parlance, "to confirm our last." Executive, Legislative, Judicial, Politico-military, and General Facts, which could be included between the dates April 15, 1865 (ever memorable!), and April 1, 1867, are here recorded and classified, and whoever wishes to vote intelligently on State or national questions will here find material for correct judgment of men and parties. The President and his administration are fully delineated; the reconstructed States "as they were" and reconstruction as it is, the resolutions of conventions, the votes of States, the opinions of the Supreme Court on *habeas corpus*, the test oath, and the Mississippi injunction case, find their proper place in the contents. Since there is no light like the light of facts, when diffused among an intelligent and thinking people, we are glad to hear of the widespread circulation of this manual, especially at the South.

Dime Hand-Book of Riding and Driving. (New York: Beadle & Co.)—We suppose if hand-books of riding are to be sold for ten cents, no American publisher, though he may have his hand-book "prepared expressly for the Dime series," will do anything more costly than have it "prepared" by borrowing right and left from English treatises on the subjects. That these are not precisely adapted to all the wants of the American rider, that our school of riding is, in several important particulars, different from the English, everybody knows, but no one would guess that the fact is so from looking over this little work. It is, however, good of its kind, and the chapter on "Female Horsemanship" is adapted to the needs of our countrywomen as well as of their cousins across the water.

A Manual of the Law of Fixtures. By John W. Hill, counsellor-at-law. (New York: Baker, Voorhis & Co. 1867.)—In this little book we find a very neatly arranged statement of the elementary principles of the law of fixtures, showing, by reference to the leading cases, what articles are deemed fixtures so as to pass with the land, as between heir and executor, landlord and tenant, etc. It is not intended as a substitute for the larger treatises on the subject, but will be found very useful to the student, and to lawyers who desire in a few words an exposition of the principal rules of American law upon the points involved.

Articles on any of the subjects usually discussed in this Journal will be received from any quarter. If used, they will be liberally paid for; if rejected, they will be returned to the writers on the receipt of the requisite amount of postage stamps.

All Communications which pertain to the literary management of THE NATION should be addressed to the Editor.

THE NEW TYPE OF STATESMAN.

AN amusing account of a visit to Senator Wade, at his home at Ashtabula, Ohio, appeared the other day in the *Cincinnati Commercial*, and has been widely copied, describing that gentleman's personal habits, mode of life, tastes, peculiarities, opinions, and expectations, and winding up with a cordial recommendation of him for the Presidency. Mr. Wade has now been for some time talked of for this office, and the letter in *The Commercial*, besides being an entertaining piece of personal gossip, is undoubtedly also a contribution to the usual work of preparing the public for his nomination—a kind of work which is done for candidate after candidate with the most singular simplicity and earnestness, although it hardly ever produces any result. We notice the letter, therefore, not because we believe it, or anything like it, can seriously affect Mr. Wade's political fortunes one way or the other, but because it contains an excellent sketch of a type of statesman which, though it would perhaps be inaccurate to call it new, is every year becoming more and more pronounced. The production of this type is partly due to a reaction against the European ideal of the public man, which prevailed during the earlier stage of the Government, and which held sway till within a few years—the polished, regularly educated, cautious, somewhat timid, formal, punctilious, rather unsympathetic personage, precise in his language, careful in his dress, distrustful of popular enthusiasm, and strongly influenced by the traditions and tone of thought of old societies. With one or two exceptions the presidential chair and the prominent offices of Government were filled by such men down to 1860. They were all Eastern men, or Western men of the Eastern type, bred in Eastern habits of thought and moulded by Eastern standards of propriety, however plain or simple their lives or humble their origin.

It is partly due also to the immense and rapid growth of the West during the last twenty years—a growth which has ended, as everybody now sees and acknowledges, in the departure of political power from the Eastern States, and which has for some years back been communicating to the language, manners, and thought of the political world in Washington what, from the "genteel" point of view, might be called a worse tone, but which we shall content ourselves with calling a rougher, freer tone—a tone marked by all but complete disregard of the Old World measures of excellence or desirableness. It is due also in some degree to the long absorption of the public in the anti-slavery struggle—a struggle so entirely moral in its nature that moral excellence—in other words, fidelity to principle—was, during its existence, almost the only excellence exacted of politicians in the Republican party. Training or knowledge of political science was of little or very inferior importance.

The new type first made its appearance distinctly and unmistakably in Mr. Lincoln. The Eastern public has undergone so many greater shocks since then, and he himself proved such a transcendent moral and mental success, that people have forgotten the disagreeableness of the impression made by his manners and looks when he first presented himself to the world as the President elect. They have forgotten, too, the painful surprise occasioned by the revelations which were made during the first year of his term of office of his total ignorance of conventional rules, and, in fact, of all knowledge of "the world" beyond what may be acquired in an Illinois village. He grew so rapidly, however, his grasp of great principles was so firm, the issues he had to meet were so simple, direct, and clear cut, his tone of mind was so elevated, and his written and spoken style had so much of that greatest of all marks of high cultivation, directness and simplicity, that long before he died his mental defects were more than forgiven and overlooked. In fact, by a process of reasoning which is very old, and in politics very common, his good qualities came to be regarded not as the results

of natural force, but as the consequences of the peculiarities of his early training. A vague impression was diffused before he died that a youth passed in rail-splitting or working flat-boats was not simply a valuable experience, but a very good, if not the best, preparation for the presidency. Regular training in schools or in cultivated society began to fall into disrepute, and, in spite of the testimony to the value of education offered by the war, there can hardly be a doubt that we came out of it with somewhat diminished reverence for schools and books on the part of a large number of persons.

During the year 1865 we began to hear, for the first time in American history, expressions of contempt for education as a qualification for political duties from Northern orators, lecturers, and clergymen, and glorifications of common sense and the "natural man" in terms very like those used by Southern revilers of "free society" in old times. When Mr. Johnson was elected to the Vice-Presidency, he was himself so impressed with the political value of his early ignorance and obscurity that he publicly bragged of it at the inauguration, and we all remember how, during the following year, he dosed us with accounts of it. His career has, however, done much to cause a reaction. He has succeeded in making people doubt whether it is a good thing for a possible President to reach years of discretion without knowing how to read, and whether the company within the reach of an ignorant working tailor is, after all, the kind of social influence which is best fitted to shape the character of a man who has to manage, even for four years, the affairs of a great people. In fact, we are getting back to our earlier and better faith, that nobody who is to fill a high official position can have too much at the outset of his career of every kind of influence that softens, civilizes, enlightens, and refines. Many of the influences of Western and Southwestern life are hardening and strengthening; but it is safe to say that there is nothing the typical American character needs less than hardening or strengthening. It is strong and hard in its very fibre; it is full of push and energy. These things are now inbred in the American nature, and there is, therefore, no need whatever that boys destined for a political career should pass their most teachable age as deck-hands or farm-laborers. The one valuable thing which men acquire from lowly beginnings is sympathy with poverty and friendlessness; but, constituted as American society is, it is safe to say that no man will ever attain high political positions who has not got this, or does not successfully affect it.

We learn from the correspondent of *The Commercial* that Mr. Wade loves to tell long stories of his early cattle-driving, canal-digging, and wood-chopping, and he "passes hours" in this improving occupation during the Congressional vacation. His library consists entirely of public documents, maps, and charts of the United States, so that of the wisdom there is to be found in Congressional debates and reports of Congressional committees we may be sure he is full. He reads the *Cincinnati papers*, the *New York Tribune*, *Independent*, and the *Cleveland Leader* carefully, we suppose to correct and clarify what he gets out of the "public documents." His other periodical reading is *The Westminster Review* and *Harper's Monthly*. "Mother Goose" was recently purchased for him by his wife, and he was so delighted with it that he learnt it all by heart. He also likes Nasby's letters, but keeps these for perusal in the family circle. He swears frightfully when in a rage, but always apologizes for "any wrong done unintentionally." He hates butter and grease, is fond of sport, and had only seven days' schooling in his life. This some people may think was a great disadvantage to him; but that would be an antiquated fallacy, inasmuch as at the age of twenty-one, mark you, "he had read a vast number of books, mastered Euclid, and was well versed in philosophy and science." Nor was this the result of hard, unintermitted study without the aid of a master. On the contrary, it was accomplished by a young man who was engaged all day in the heaviest physical toil, and whose reading of the Bible even had to be performed in the evening by the light of pine torches. No wonder the correspondent pronounces him "the best informed man now in public life in this country." Algebra he found very difficult, but he "mastered it," though working on a farm at the time, and though he had "to read it over fifty times without understanding it," and though he used to

spend hours when following the plough thinking over the algebraic signs "without being able to make anything out of them." A man who, without the aid of a teacher, and in hours snatched from hard manual labor, makes himself "well versed in philosophy and science" before the age of twenty-one, may well be believed to stand higher than any of his countrymen in the realms of knowledge, and to be conscious of his superiority. But Mr. Wade acknowledges that even he has not reached the top of the glorious tree; in its very "flowering crest" who should be perched, according to him, but Horace Greeley, and "he," says Mr. Wade, "has more knowledge on all subjects than any man in this country!"

As neither of these great lights ever received any regular training of any kind, and as Mr. Wade's difficulties with algebra and the present quality of his literary pursuits show that he is not a person of extraordinary powers, it is no wonder that there is a widespread belief that school and college training in youth is not only not necessary for politicians, but it is not necessary for anybody. What Messrs. Greeley and Wade accomplished in the intervals of physical labor ordinary boys may very well accomplish by an occasional use of their leisure, without any master. In view of their accomplishments, what can be more useless and absurd than the regular educational machinery?

One other advantage which, in the opinion of a large class, "self-taught men" have over the poor hot-house plants produced in the schools and colleges, is that they are almost all, like Mr. Wade, "original thinkers"—that is, they make wonderful discoveries and produce new and startling ideas. As a general rule, it is true, whatever is valuable in their discoveries has been known for ages, but then this does not lessen the credit due to them for lighting upon it, and the consciousness which they all the while carry along with them that they are the first explorers of an unknown region naturally develops in them the bold and energetic cast of mind with which we are made so familiar in Congressional debates and reports of Congressional committees, and to which we owe so many startling novelties in finance, political economy, and, in fact, in the whole science of politics. The poor, educated man, on the contrary, goes crawling along, demoralized by the proofs which his pitiless instructors every day lay before him of the vastness of the field of truth which other men and other ages have laid open, and is soon overpowered by a horrible sense of his own feebleness and deficiencies. If he goes into public life, therefore, he is either made timid and cautious by what he knows of the result of the experiments recorded in history, or by his familiarity with great principles evolved by the working of other minds, and approaches great questions with a feeble and faltering step. The self-taught man, however, like Mr. Wade, takes any bull he meets by the horns, mounts the stump, and disposes of the most puzzling problems, such as the relations of labor and capital, in a few sentences. No wonder "he is considered one of our grandest public men." We ought not to pass from Mr. Wade, however, without complimenting him on his magnanimity in calling the co-operative system "Mr. Greeley's plan." This generosity of great minds towards each other is very touching, but it is right to say that the co-operative system is as much Mr. Greeley's plan as the application of steam to inland navigation. He is, we believe, a friend of both plans; but the co-operative system, like the steam-engine, was known and had been worked in various parts of the world while Mr. Greeley was still struggling in the earlier stages of the art of walking.

We find in the report on the organization of the new Cornell University, by Mr. Andrew D. White, the following startling passage; speaking of the necessity of a department of "jurisprudence, political and social science, and history," he says:

"We believe that the state and nation are constantly injured by their chosen servants, who lack the simplest rudiments of knowledge which such a department could supply. No one can stand in any legislative position and not be struck with the frequent want in men, otherwise strong and keen, of the simplest knowledge of the principles essential to the public welfare. Of technical knowledge of law and of practical acquaintance with business the supply is always plentiful; but it is very common that in deciding great public questions exploded errors in political and social science are revamped, fundamental principles of law disregarded, and the plainest teachings of history ignored."

What can he mean?

THE WORKING-MEN AND POLITICIANS.

MR. WADE has denied to the correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* that, when he said "that property was not equally divided, and a more equal distribution of capital must be wrought out, that the Congress which had done so much for the slave cannot quietly regard the terrible distinction between the man that labors and him that does not," he meant that a more equal distribution of property ought to be made by legislation. Of this, he says, he perceives the absurdity as clearly as anybody. On being pressed by the correspondent, however, for a remedy for the state of things which he deplored, he said he had no very distinct idea of any remedy, but thought, on the whole, co-operation was the best. The discovery of this remedy he ascribed to Mr. Horace Greeley, and as he savagely abused "Conservatives" in his speech at Lawrence for their indifference to the cause of the working-man, we are bound to presume that he believes "Conservatives" to be opposed to co-operation, which will be new to the rest of the public.

Many people will be satisfied with this explanation, and it is a pity it did not come sooner, but it is hardly sufficient. There are many ways of grossly violating private rights, under pretence of helping the working-classes, without providing for a redistribution of goods. Mr. Wade does not say that he is opposed to legislative interference under any form with the relations of labor and capital. On the contrary, the analogy, as regards the case they present for Congressional interference, which he drew between the condition of Southern slaves and that of the working-men, warranted and still warrants us in believing that he thinks that not only may the legislature regulate labor, but Congress may do it. And yet nothing can be more mischievous or more unfortunate than for public men to entertain or encourage any such idea. There is no question that the working-man's condition cannot and ought not to remain what it now is; that the traces of servitude which ages of ignorance and oppression have left in it must ere long be removed; and that the condemnation of the larger proportion of the population of every country to constant toil for fixed wages, and those wages very little greater than are sufficient to supply coarse food and coarse clothing, which the present hiring system involves, must cease, if real progress is to be made in civilization. The world has in the last hundred years made enormous advances in its producing power, and the means of enjoyment, both physical and mental, have been greatly increased; but only a very small portion of the resulting advantages have fallen to the lot of the working-classes.

Now, it cannot be too often repeated that all change for the better in their position must come from themselves. Nothing but a miracle would ever permanently increase their well-being except an increase in their share of the products of industry, and this increase can only come either from a decrease in their numbers in proportion to the quantity of capital seeking investment, or from a successful combination amongst themselves not to work for less than a certain rate of wages. Anybody who tells them that there are other means than these of raising their wages, is either talking of what he does not understand or seeking to impose on their simplicity; and any politician who tells them that he can help them by active legislative measures, that is, measures which seek to make master or workman do things he does not want to do, we may be sure is either a charlatan or an ignoramus. There is only one source, and will be only one source, from which wages can come, unless Providence should send us manna or quails or make the earth produce her fruits without sowing or reaping, and that is from the joint product of labor and capital; and the rate of wages at any particular time or place will depend on how this is divided. If laborers are few or the laborers possess great powers of combination, the laborer will receive a large share of it; if the laborers are plenty and, in addition to this, are ignorant and improvident, as they have hitherto been in all ages, they will receive a small share of it. If they choose to work hard, the product will be large; if they choose to work little—only eight hours instead of ten, for instance—the product will be proportionately smaller and their wages proportionately less, even if they receive the same sum in money; for prices of all commodities will, of course, rise. No legislature can permanently change or affect these laws any more than it could change the hour of the ebb and flow of the tide—and this

is what makes the late eight-hour legislation such a disgraceful farce. The duty of the legislator with regard to labor and capital is very simple. It consists in abolishing and removing every statute, custom, or regulation which interferes with the entire liberty of the capitalist or laborer, which tempts or forces him into doing what, in the absence of such statute, custom, or regulation, he would not do, or prevents him from doing what his individual judgment prompts him to do.

This is doubly the duty of the American legislator—for if this country have any mission beyond that of supplying food and clothing to an indefinite number of animals, it is the development of the individual man, the securing for him, as far as his mental and moral constitution will allow, the mastery of his own destiny, and the submission to his individual judgment of all the problems of his existence to solve them as best he can. The function of the law here, at least, is to see that each man in the pursuit of wealth does not interfere with his neighbor's comfort and safety; it is not, and ought not to be, the function of the law to tell him how many hours he ought to work or how much wages he ought to get, or into what business he ought to go; and there are peculiarities in a democratic government which render its blunders, when it attempts to deal with subjects of this kind, worse and more mischievous than the blunders of any other form of government. The principle on which governments in all other countries have been based since the world began is that the government ought to take care of the individual; the theory on which this government is based is that each individual in the regulation of his own conduct is wiser than any government is likely to be. This may be a mistaken theory, but we protest against the abandonment of the experiment before the republic has been a century in existence, and before a fourth of the continent is settled.

Whatever the working-men can get by voluntary combination among themselves, so as to supply to each man the strength to bargain with his employer on fair terms, that they have a right to. If, through an instrumentality of this kind, they press for twice as large a share of profits as they are now receiving, or for a reduction in the hours of labor, or for any other modification in their relations to capitalists, we have not a word to say. We think the strong desire on their part which is now manifest in every direction for higher pay and more leisure is a most encouraging sign of real moral progress, and they have just as much right to combine for the gratification of this desire as the capitalist to invest his money in the stock of a corporation. But a working-man, as a member of a combination, preserves his individuality, and acts under the guidance of his own intelligence and his own power of self-restraint and his own fidelity to his fellows. All his highest qualities are called into play in the maintenance of the "unions" which are now everywhere making such a terrible stir amongst the dry bones of the modern commercial system. He thinks, debates, foresees, waits, hopes, contrives, refrains, sacrifices, gives; in short, he plays the part of a free agent. But once pass a law deciding for what sum and for how many hours he shall work, and set the police to see that he obeys it, and you carry him back two hundred years. He becomes once more the *protégé* of the state, and his sole duty is to obey and not to think. The danger of combinations just at the present crisis is that the great economical ignorance of the members may lead to the abuse of their power and to the pursuit of the unattainable, and consequently to the temporary derangement of industry and diminution of production, or even to the perpetration of injustice. But for this we know no remedy except experience and education. Society must suffer the consequences of its own ignorance and shortcomings, and for the remediable defects of the working-man's mind or character, whatever they may be, society at large is as fairly and fully responsible as for any other social ill. Whether we see the justice of this responsibility or not, we know it exists, and we know of nothing which plays a more useful part in civilization. The more the well-educated suffer from the ignorance of the ignorant, the sooner will ignorance disappear.

PETER'S PENCE.

WHEN the magnificent Pope Leo X. wanted money to build the Church of St. Peter, at Rome, he, in the innocence of his heart, resorted to a method which, though never popular, had been used with effect

before. When we mention Monk Tetzl and his drum, the method is indicated with sufficient distinctness. The multitude of the people fell into line obediently, and swelled handsomely the building fund for the sake of getting their sins proportionably remitted. But, unfortunately for Leo, one Martin Luther had his soul stirred within him, and raised a counter clamor so indignant and so strong that the influx of money considerably slackened, and a very different sort of influx set in towards the Holy See. Owing to that method of "raising the wind," the Church of St. Peter became about the most expensive edifice that ever was put up. Besides the gold and silver it cost, the owners had to pay for it sundry rich principalities, a goodly kingdom or two, the crowns of several potentates, imperial, ducal, princely, and other, the temporal allegiance of some manly nations, and the spiritual allegiance of a good many hundred thousand of loyal subjects who thenceforth, instead of seeking salvation in the Church, thought their chance of salvation improved the further away from the Church they got.

That experiment is hardly worth repeating. But it takes a great deal of experience to beget a very little wisdom, and we are not so much surprised as aggrieved that American politicians are willing to try it again. That they are willing is, unhappily, too evident to be doubted. For several years it has been the custom of the party in power in New York to bestow pecuniary and other favors on the Roman Catholics. The sums thus given out of the public treasury, which the people's earnings fill, were for a long time too insignificant to provoke comment. But within a year or so they have been immense. It is true that appropriations have been made to other sectarian organizations. The Episcopalians have had something; the Jews have had a trifle; miscellaneous evangelical bodies have picked up a few crumbs. But all this together is so small that it only throws out into bolder relief the patronage bestowed on the Catholics. Twenty years ago the Common Council of New York city leased to the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum two entire blocks of ground on Fifth Avenue, between Fifty-first and Fifty-second Streets, for ninety-nine years, at the rate of *one dollar per annum*. On one of these lots stands the asylum; on the other is rising the cathedral which may be as disastrous to the Church as St. Peter's itself was. Twenty years ago that land was comparatively cheap; it is now worth not less than a million of dollars. Last year the Catholic Church received for "charitable" objects \$45,674 14. This year it has already received \$80,000, and will undoubtedly receive from the Common Council \$100,000 more. An immense building to accommodate a Roman Catholic fair has for several weeks obstructed travel on our most beautiful and most frequented public square.

This money is all given ostensibly and explicitly for charitable purposes. But that considerations of benevolence do not suggest the appropriations is perfectly clear from the fact that Protestant institutions of charity, though numerous and needy, get nothing, and must either live as they can or die. Nobody is simple enough to believe that religious considerations have the least weight; for why should Protestants be so generous to a faith they profess to fear? It is no calumny to say that these grants of money and land are simply bribes to secure the Irish vote in the city of New York. Now, the Irish vote is a very important matter. Again and again it has decided momentous elections. It is drilled, organized, massed, and can be thrown with resistless weight upon a given point. Time after time it has been used to defeat Republican candidates and causes; to baffle attempts at municipal reform; to sustain municipal corruptions, and to carry the measures of a sham Democracy against the intelligence and moral sense of the community. The Republicans naturally would like to get these heavy battalions on their side. They are mercenaries who are ready to transfer allegiance for spoils, and would be quite as willing to charge for Christian as for Turk, if the Christian would pay more.

The Irish vote is worth a great deal for party purposes. Two or three hundred thousand dollars a year well invested in Catholic securities is a moderate price to pay for it. A million of dollars would not be dear if that were all. The people did not grudge the money for the splendid temple which was to make their city the wonder of the world once more, and draw pilgrims from all parts of the earth to Rome. It was something beside the gold and silver that made them pause. The Irish vote may be worth much brick and mortar and the choicest corner

lots, but is it worth the indignation of the people, which is certain to be roused sooner or later by the gross misuse of their property and by the burden of illegal taxation? Is it worth the direct violation of our principle, that all forms of religion shall stand on a footing of perfect equality, shall be supported by voluntary contributions alone, and shall be entirely independent of the patronage of the state? Is it worth the open scandal brought upon republican institutions by the scarcely disguised introduction of bribery into politics? Is it worth the permanent demoralization of an immense class of citizens who are made to feel that not their intelligence but their stupidity is the thing desired, their custom not their consciences, their vice, in a word, and not their virtue? Is it worth the encouragement given to the lowest order of the population to think themselves of supreme value as an element of power in the city? Is it worth the consequence of flinging a gratuitous insult in the face of all the Protestant sects? Is it worth the risk of provoking an anti-Catholic excitement among the "evangelical" bodies that would bring reproach on the whole cause of religion, rouse the sectarian spirit to frenzy, and lead to scenes of violence that would disgrace our civilization? Religion is a dangerous weapon to use for political purposes, and if history furnishes any grounds for prophecy, it is safe to predict that the party using it in this country will pay, at last, a terrible price for its folly.

We regard this question as a political one solely. We have no prejudices against the Romish Church, and bear it no ill will. As a form of government and of faith, we appreciate its value in communities where the Celtic race is found in large numbers. We would give it fair play, and should be exceedingly sorry to see the old bitterness against it reviving in the public mind. But at the same time we are jealous for our institutions, and rather than have their character compromised by illegal or dishonest practices we must take the risk of fomenting discords we would thankfully help to lay at rest for ever. Frankly, we advise the Roman Catholics to ask no further favors, and we advise the demagogues to grant none. If the Irish vote is so precious, even to the Republican party, let us try to secure it by measures that will elevate the Irish and not debauch them. If it cannot be thus obtained, let us try to get along without it by increased efforts of our own intelligence.

LONDON.

HUGH MILLER relates how, after wandering about London for the first time and asking many questions of many people, he came to the conclusion that "Londoners do not know London;" and he playfully suggests that the great city, like certain great folks, has at last grown too great "for the familiarities of intimate acquaintance." But rather, it seems to us, is London like some many-sided and opulent soul that welcomes love, confidence, and even familiarity, but is unable in turn completely to reveal itself, just because it can find no other soul large enough to inspire or to receive a revelation from the entire range of its faculties.

Indeed, no mortal, Cockney or otherwise, knows London; and it may be safely affirmed that until we have a race of men whose *forte* is what Sydney Smith said Macaulay's was, omniscience, no mortal ever will know London. Even those agreeable persons, cabmen and policemen, who approach most nearly to Macaulay's specialty, and whose vocations compel them all their lives to a daily and nightly intimacy with the streets of the wondrous city, sometimes, after years of beating about the town, find themselves lost—to use a Hibernianism—and compelled to enquire the way among streets which they then see for the first time.

And if no man can know London, neither can any nation claim London. It disdains the audacity of special ownership that it may give itself to mankind. It is for this reason, no doubt, that the foreigner in Great Britain often experiences a relief in passing from even the larger provincial towns of the kingdom up to the metropolis. In Liverpool and Manchester he feels that he is on Englishmen's ground, in Glasgow and Edinburgh on Scotchmen's, but in London on his own. Like those pre-eminent personages in literature, art, or conduct who outgrow the citizenship of any country and become fellow-citizens of all men, this city is no longer England's, but the world's. It is cosmopolitan. Who of any nation is forbidden to salute the universal Shakespeare by the same loving acclamation which John Milton used—"my Shakespeare"? And what countryman under the sun, even though he be the celebrated though ill-boding New Zealander of prophecy,

may not address the city on the Thames as Childe Harold did the city on the Tiber, with the loyal strain,

"—my country, city of the soul!"

And this claim on behalf of mankind of the freedom of London seems admitted by the last report of that mightiest nineteenth-century autocrat, the census-taker, who, among other curious facts, tells us that there are more Scotchmen in London than in Edinburgh, more Irishmen than in Dublin, more Germans than in any town of Germany excepting Berlin, more Roman Catholics than in Rome, and more Jews than in Palestine.

In the present magnitude of London it is amusing to remember the comments upon its greatness made by Addison or Burke or Dr. Johnson at a time when it was to its present self what the babe is to the man. One Good Friday, Johnson and his man Boszy trudged together along the Strand to attend service at St. Clement Danes. Boszy remarked that "London was too large, for the reason that nobody was heeded by his neighbor, and there was no fear of censure for not observing Good Friday." The doctor snubbed the fawning coxcomb for his Pharisaical speech, but admitted that for other reasons London was really too large. It was then about one-sixth its present size.

The growth of the town since the happy year when Londoners learned how, with proper accuracy, to count their own noses, presents us a record full of interest, and at the same time to us full of wholesome admonition to cultivate a grace rarely found in America—urban modesty.

In 1801 the population of London was	-	-	-	864,845
In 1811	"	"	-	1,009,346
In 1821	"	"	-	1,225,694
In 1831	"	"	-	1,474,069
In 1841	"	"	-	1,873,676
In 1851	"	"	-	2,363,141
In 1861	"	"	-	2,803,034

In this country our ears are perpetually stunned by the din of boasting kept up at the growth of certain of our ambitious but still callow inland towns. The growth of these towns is indeed wonderful, but it would be none the less wonderful if there were less noise made about it. Who ever saw one rational Londoner exhibiting the least vanity at the amazing and pauseless increase of that titanic town? As soon would he think of finding food for individual conceit in the magnificence of the sun in heaven, or in the mel-low richness of the verdure upon the outlying fields. Yet how the statistics of the expansion of London, which are left to tell in silence their own astounding tale, dwarf the records of accumulating talk which so many American cities blazon at every corner and bellow from every house top!

Taking the last census in each country as the standard of comparison, it appears that during the ten years preceding 1861 London added to itself a new city one-half the size of New York, more than twice the size of Baltimore, nearly three times the size of Boston, more than three times the size of Cincinnati or St. Louis, and more than four times the size of Chicago. If the eight cities of Buffalo, Rochester, Albany, Pittsburg, Newark, Providence, Portland, and Milwaukee had been taken up bodily in 1861, put on shipboard, conveyed across the Atlantic, and deposited on the fringe of the skirts of London, they, with their united populations, would not have added to London so much as London quietly added to itself during the previous decennial period. Every twelve months a new city springs into being along the globous verge of London equal to the city of Cleveland.

Jonathan is a very clever boy, no doubt, and no doubt Jonathan knows it. But he will be quite as clever when, grown tired of spouting his own praises, he sets out on his travels, compares notes with other people, and learns a little modesty by learning that he has not a monopoly of the business of doing "big things."

The author of the "Epriella Letters" divides the people of London into two races, the solar and the lunar. By some recent estimates it appears that these races are now even more distinctly separated by the exactions of commerce than they were in Southey's time by those of fashion. Several years ago the metropolis, like some fabulous Cyclops, sprawled out upon its couch of 78,000 acres; but the original city, the venerable parent of this gigantic monster, is still content with that pigmy bed of 723 acres on which it has reposed for a thousand years. The city, though so small, is still the centre of the trading, financial, and journalistic life of London, and has, it seems, a day population of 283,520 souls, and a night population of only 113,387 souls. Thus, every morning there come rushing into the city from suburb and rural cottage and country villa, to toil and get rich within the narrow walls of the old city, 170,133 persons, while there are 509,611 customers and clients who enter the city every day to deal with them. What tremendous energy, then, must be in the systole and diastole of this

Cyclopean heart, whose throb can suck in and expel every day along its veins and arteries a living stream of 728,986 human beings!

No Londoner, as we have already said, thinks of boasting of the awfully increasing proportions of London; but many a Londoner contemplates the subject with anxiety. One troublesome problem is that of ingress and egress. Every morning nearly a million of men make a rush to get into a space of seven hundred acres, and every night they make a rush to get out of it. No wonder that in addition to streets on the level of the houses they are compelled to build streets under the houses and streets over the houses, and that in a few years there must inevitably be three continuous cities of London—terrene London, subterrene London, and superterrene London. But the swollen and congested state of the veins and arteries of the mighty town is not the only source of anxiety. What shall London do for lungs? A meeting assembled at the Mansion House some time ago, under the call of the Lord Mayor, to consider the peril arising from the disappearance of commons and open spaces in the neighborhood of the metropolis. The meeting was addressed by Thomas Hughes and other gentlemen of note. The most important speech was embodied in some very startling and amusing estimates of the future development of London presented by Mr. Benjamin Scott, the excellent and versatile chamberlain of the city, whose ingenious argument in defense of the Pilgrim Fathers was recently noticed in these columns.

Mr. Scott thought that in dealing with the question before the meeting they should not confine their calculations to 3,000,000 inhabitants. He found that in 1861 there were 3,222,717 persons living within an area of sixteen miles, taking Charing Cross as the centre. An increase of population had been going on within that area during the past half-century at the rate of 19½ per cent. every ten years. In fifty years, at this rate, the population of the same area would be 8,532,000 souls. What would be their position fifty years hence if they were allowed only the radius at present supposed to be sufficient? He found that in 1861 the people were twenty yards from each other, in 1851 about fourteen yards, and in 1866 something over nine yards. If this diminution of space went on for fifty years more, they would be more closely packed than his audience were at that moment—in fact there would be no standing-room for them!

We may get some impression of the present magnitude of London by looking at a few details of its colossal state. More than 350,000 houses are required for this giant to live in; and that he may take his walks and drives with comfort, he has laid out and paved a number of streets which, if placed in line, would extend from Liverpool to New York. As he is not one of those good giants who are early to bed and early to rise, he has been obliged to erect for his nocturnal guidance 360,000 gas-lamps along his streets, and to keep them burning all night, thus consuming every twenty-four hours about 13,000,000 cubic feet of gas. To bathe his person, to wash his clothes, and to supply the various vulgar needs of his kitchen, as well as to furnish him occasionally with a beverage which he is rather too much inclined to despise, he uses 44,383,328 gallons of water per day. He seems to depend a good deal on artificial heat for a variety of purposes, and is accordingly compelled to shovel into his bin 5,000,000 tons of coal every year. Though he does not always dress with great splendor, his clothing bill is a generous one, for he constantly maintains 2,950 merchant tailors, 3,000 boot and shoe dealers, 1,560 milliners and dressmakers, and 1,080 linen-draperies. Notwithstanding the fact that he is endowed with excellent locomotive faculties, he frequently prefers to be carried, and for this purpose he keeps always within call 5,000 cabs, 1,500 omnibuses, and 24,000 horses, besides all the other sorts of vehicles which human need can require or human wit invent. Like giants in general, he is blessed with a very tolerable appetite; and as to thirst, it may be safely said that he is never wholly without its cravings. In the course of every year he manages to devour 1,600,000 quarters of wheat, 240,000 bullocks, 1,700,000 sheep, 28,000 calves, 35,000 pigs, 10,000,000 head of game, 3,000,000 salmon, and innumerable fish of other sorts; while, during the same period, to use the language of a deceased humorist, he "puts himself outside" of 43,200,000 gallons of beer, 2,000,000 gallons of spirits, and 65,000 pipes of wine. His dairy may be regarded as a respectable one, for he keeps 13,000 cows. It must be confessed that he occasionally indulges in the weed, for he supports 1,350 tobacconists. Of course any giant, whether Christian or pagan, who will go on eating, drinking, smoking, and dressing at this rate, to say nothing of keeping his lamps burning all night, deserves to be ill; and we hear without surprise that he has provided himself with the constant attendance of 2,400 doctors. To all his other qualities it is to be added that, though something of a rake and a good deal of a sot, he is in certain moods a marvellously religious giant, all which he proves by the fact that he keeps up 853 churches and employs the ghostly counsel of 930 divines.

Such are a few aspects of London—that province of bricks, that modern Babel of all lands and tongues, so well depicted by Walter Thornbury as "the vast, the negative, the miserable, the loathsome, the great, the magnificent."

ITALIAN LIVING.

JUNE 29, 1867.

"Do in Rome as the Romans do" may or not be a safe proverb, but to live in America as sensible Americans live in Rome would lengthen and sweeten the lives of our women, it seems to me, incomparably beyond the privileges of the ballot-box. Sister Jonathan's house in Boston is of three stories, with basement and attic, and a corresponding number of entries and staircases to be tidied and traversed daily, hourly. Three abundant and varied meals are to be prepared in the house, and punctually served each day. Two-sevenths, at least, of every week are at the mercy of the laundry, that "monster of such hideous mien," destroying the peace of thousands of households. Milan and the Millennium blend confusedly in my mind ever since a resident of that city assured me that, to the best of her knowledge, every article of household and body linen was carried beyond the gates for washing. To assist our American sister in all this, and the numberless other details of house-keeping, she has from one to three servants, who, ninety-eight chances in a hundred, are such only in a Miltonic sense—i. e., "they also serve who only stand and wait," while she does the work, and are sure to take to their beds or heels in any special emergency. What wonder if, after years of temper-trying and body-wearing vibration between the cook below and the nurse above, Brother Jonathan (not being a ghoul of the "New Atmosphere") should discover that his wife needs change of air and scene. But my ideal *dramatis persone* are cumbersome; let me add my mite of testimony in the perpetual suit of parlor *vs.* kitchen by simply telling how we lived in Rome. Equal or greater advantages are afforded by almost any other Continental city, and it may be helpful to some pilgrim whose face is turned Expositionward, and whose purse is limited, to hear the experience of one more predecessor of like condition, although the same story may have been better told before.

Our party, consisting of a gentleman, two ladies, a child and nurse, hired an *appartamento* for sixty dollars per month. Many of our acquaintances paid less for ampler accommodations; but we were satisfied, living, as we did, directly upon the Corso, midway between the Piazza del Popolo and the church of San Carlo, in a new building (a wonder in Rome), with a sun-exposure (a greater wonder), and fresh, clean walls and furniture, not dissoluble at a touch (wonder of wonders). The entrance and staircase were broad and clean, well lighted by gas moreover, which it is only fair to state was a distinguishing favor which kindled the envy of the majority of our visitors, who groped their way through darkness to their own lodgings.

Our *appartamento* comprised a parlor, three bed-rooms, dining-room, kitchen, closets, and two ante-rooms, which might have been used had occasion required as sitting or even bed-rooms, all upon one floor. It should also be said that full table and bed furniture were included in the rent, together with the weekly washing of house linen. Also, although we had three windows looking out upon the Corso, we were not, in spite of Mr. Murray's warning, disturbed in our exclusive occupancy during the carnival season. Four dollars per month gave us the good-natured service of a Roman woman who "kept herself;" that is, ate and slept at home. That Luisa spoke and understood no language but her own *patois* was certainly a venial offence, and even gave piquancy to the communication between mistress and maid. It was almost refreshing to housewives wearisomely used to birds who could but would not sing to have to deal with Luisa's innocent dumbness and obtuseness. Upon the ever-smiling object of them the effect of our instructions was often imperceptible, but upon baby Bell's Irish nurse fairly maddening: "Luisa! ye spalpeen! ye foolery! donty hear the missus tellin' ye hangy kettle, drawing-room firey!" No, Luisa had n't heard; and Bridget's objurgation only broadened her stolid countenance with a deprecatory blush and smile, which made her assailant fairly foam with rage. It must also be confessed that the housekeepers were occasionally guilty of issuing an order to the smiling Luisa in loud German, French, or English, under the temporary impression that she was an accomplished but deaf linguist.

As for our *cuisine*, we were like unto Elijah at Kidron. Our dinners, at least, were brought by the ravens. From 5 P.M. onward the Corso is enlivened by porters from the various *trattorie* of the city, balancing on their heads oblong tin boxes, which contain the viands previously ordered for dinner, kept at savory heat by a brazier of burning coals. The dessert, if to be eaten cold, is carried in one hand (its dishes tied in a napkin, we will hope), while the other steadies the burden on the head. This custom is so

universal among foreign residents in Rome that it is not at all uncommon when invited to dine out to be able to make your way to your host's by simply following your nose, ascending the staircase behind a procession of boxes redolent of the courses which will presently be elegantly served. Acting on a hint from our good fairy, the wife of the physician to our legation, we ordered "a *scudo* (one dollar) dinner for two persons." This proved ample for our three selves, baby Bell and her nurse, with a nice bit left over for lunch next day, beside the remnants which Luisa bore home triumphantly—readily understanding a whispered permission in the English tongue so to do—each night.

For the benefit of tourists of moderate means, I will give our bill of fare: 1st, Soup; 2d, A roast or cutlets; 3d, Chickens, pigeons, larks, or some other flying thing; 4th, A *dolce* of some sort—pudding, pie, or tart. Half a dozen *baioocchi* gave us incomparable salad and excellent oranges. The native red wine, without which one is forbidden to drink the water of Rome, we bought for fifteen cents a bottle, and sweet white wine, in its dainty flask, for a franc. Our bread (Graham and wheat) came every morning fresh and sweet from Mrs. Miller's English bakery; then there was butter—which, as I remember the tempting little pats, each lying cool and fair in its fresh leaf, brought every morning from the Swiss dairy in the *Babnino*, fills my soul with loathing for even the choicest product of our June dairies—and, finally, we had a flask of milk and three little jugs of luscious cream, price six *baioocchi*. The earliest waker in our establishment always found the patient Luisa waiting on the landing, with her unfailing smile, and her apron full of the day's supply of fresh eggs, oranges, and salad. Our morning meal was a simple affair of coffee, eggs, and cream. Our *déjeuner*, at high noon, consisted of cold meat, cakes from a Swiss bakery on the Corso, and fruit. Bread and butter, of course, made the staple of both these meals. When one caterer became "near" or neglectful, we ordered dinners for a week from a rival *trattoria* or brought the American eagle to bear upon him in the person of our bright-eyed little godmother, before whom he quailed. Occasionally, however, after an attack of nostalgia, we would intermit the *trattoria* dinner, and sally out to market, the faithful Luisa following. Here we bought a juicy steak, there crisped macaroni, and down under the shadow of the Pantheon mealy potatoes, and consigned them to Luisa's apron or market-pocket; and when all this was done we were still able to indulge in the extravagance of a dessert from Spillman's, so much less than the twenty-five cents per adult per mouth to which we limited ourselves had this impromptu meal cost.

But when seated at table after the preparation of this repast (during which Luisa, emulative of Yankee kitchen graces, had stood stock-still mooning at us admiringly while we did for ourselves what our Italian was insufficient to teach her to do), our faces scarlet with the heat and exertion requisite to keep the steak turning in the air, our fingers smarting with the effect of rescuing the potatoes from the ashes of the drawing-room fire, and burning the macaroni with a hot shovel, we looked at each other commiseratingly and said, This is a very good dinner, but it is our Luisas (minus the unfailing smile and willingness) and our ten hundred and ninety-five such meals every year which kill our mothers and sisters. Let us return to the "moutons" of the *trattoria*. You see the advantage which would at once be given to the house-mother were this institution to be transplanted to our land. Does Brother Jonathan in the innocence of his heart bring home with him to dinner on "washing-day," without warning, his classmate Smith, who, as you are aware, is already prejudiced in your favor by the fact that he fully intended J. should marry his own sister—you are able to vanquish him with a smile of welcome and a well-ordered dinner from the *trattoria* around the corner, which for aught he dare say is your ordinary expression and fare.

Does Bridget's impertinence culminate in an offence which forces you to dismiss her instantly without regard to the progress of the dinner to which you have invited guests, how inexpressibly soothing it would be to be delivered from the humiliation of knowing—and knowing that Bridget knows—that after she has turned her scornful back, and the first flush of triumphant relief has faded from your cheek, there will come an inevitable round of wearisome drudgery which will seat you with your guests a broken-spirited, distracted hostess, around a doubtful dinner! Now, if every cook understood perfectly well that whenever and wherever she might leave her mistress, that happy woman need only take the nearest *trattoria* in her morning walk, and await in peaceful leisure a succession of good dinners and new cooks, would it not, with all reverence for the wise man, be found far more effectual than a soft answer in turning away the wrath of our household tyrants?

It is too late to avert the wrinkles of this generation, but let us smooth our daughters' brows and paths by setting up a *trattoria* over against the

church and school-house in every community. What good man will begin? They say Vineland is a model community: why will not Vineland hold a town meeting and discuss this matter?

ENGLAND.

LONDON, June 14, 1867.

PARLIAMENT has taken as usual a short recess at Whitsuntide, and a small space has consequently been devoted by the papers to the proceedings of that mysterious body, Convocation. What may be the secret rights and privileges of Convocation, is a question for profound legal antiquarians. Practically their power has been reduced for the last two centuries to mere talk, and they are feebly trying to talk a little louder than usual in consequence, probably, of the important movements which every one feels to be taking place in the Church. They desire, as it were, to put themselves "in evidence," and to show that there really is a body which claims to exercise authority in ecclesiastical matters. Indeed, they have on this occasion protested against any interference of the state in church questions or ritual, without the consent of the Church. There is very little prospect that their protest will receive any attention—and for very good reasons. In the first place, by "the consent of the Church" they mean the consent of Convocation, and Convocation is elected by the clergy alone. Now, it is perfectly certain that the laity are less disposed than ever to permit the clergy to settle matters according to their own tastes. The ritualists, who are now the most active, though in my opinion the most feeble-minded and intellectually retrograde, party in the Church, have done much to alienate two important classes—the genuine old thoroughbred British Protestants, and the party which inclines to freedom of thought in every direction. Their extravagant pretensions have so far disgusted the laity that it is perfectly certain that they will not soon be released from any of the legislative fetters which at present restrain their action. The common view would be that they make fools enough of themselves as it is, and that a very little more rope would enable them to hang themselves and fatally injure the institution of which they claim to be the salt. This difficulty, however, merely concerns those who profess to belong to the Church of England. There is a larger party which will claim to have its voice heard. According to the old theory, every English subject is *ipso facto* a member of the Church of England; he may not choose—very often he does not choose—to avail himself of the services of its ministers, but he has a right, for example, to the use of his parish church and to be married or receive the other rites of the church from the parish clergyman. Although a very large fraction of the population, according to some statements as much as half, has ceased to belong in any other sense to the Church, they still feel that they have an interest in its property. The endowments by which the Church is supported are simply the national fund which this nation devotes to purposes of religious education. The Church of England is merely the religious department of the Government. The regulations at present enforced are unfortunately such as to deprive many men of any benefits arising from the property; and so far they are faulty. We submit to them at present, as we submit to many other anomalies, because the *cis inertia* of conservatism is too great to be overcome. But in any new arrangements that may be introduced the interests of the excluded part of the population will have to be considered. When the Reform bill is fairly off our minds, it is not improbable that church questions will be coming up in spite of any resistance of Convocation. The changes, if any, will be in the direction of giving the laity and dissenters more influence than they have at present.

The question, indeed, is a very large one, far too large to be at all discussed here; and I have contented myself with giving the view of the liberal party, without stating the opposition theory of the High Church, which depends upon theological dogmas that are rather galvanized into activity than alive. Meanwhile, every one feels that difficulties are arising, that parties are daily diverging further and further, and the extremes gathering strength at the expense of moderate men. Such omens should warn persons interested in the stability of our institutions to look about them and gird up their loins for action. The bishops have clearly felt this after a dim way of their own, and have got up a debate to show that they can take a worthy view of their position. It seems that the Bishop of Oxford lately presented to the library of Convocation a copy of "Debrett's Peerage," a useful work of reference, as most people would imagine. A zealous bishop, however, discovered that Debrett includes amongst his dignitaries the Scotch prelates, who are not recognized by the state. Accordingly, after a solemn debate, the Bishop of Oxford was censured for introducing so heretical a work. And yet, after this proof of activity, there are persons who will persist in poking fun at the poor old bishops and even go so far as to call

them old women. To say the truth, as Convocation is not allowed to do anything serious, it amuses itself by these trifles, and is a specimen of what Mr. Carlyle would call an enchanted wiggery—interesting to the mind of Dryasdust, but to ordinary mortals healthily impatient of shams an annoyance and a vexation of spirit.

The battle, of which symptoms are not rare nor equivocal, over the existing privileges of the Church will perhaps begin upon educational questions. It is the great merit of the Church of England that its clergy are really the main supporters of education in the country districts. If they are somewhat narrow in their views and think that a child ought to learn nothing unless he will learn the Church catechism, that is only a common fault of all denominational school systems. It would be most unjust not to acknowledge their merits; but it is also true that their scruples form a hindrance to the introduction of a more effective system, and that in presenting them some awkward questions will be raised. It is, however, at the other end of the scale that skirmishing has already been carried on with some liveliness. The Church struggles hard to keep its hold upon the universities. Gradually and step by step they are being opened to the country at large; but there are in them so many strongholds, so many vested interests, and so many complex arrangements which the outside world cannot understand, that progress is somewhat slow. I do not know whether I can make the present state of the question quite intelligible to those who are not minutely informed as to the curious constitution of an English university. The main facts, however, are about as follows: Dissenters of any denomination may at present become students at either university (the old system under which they had to sign the Thirty-nine Articles upon entering Oxford having been abolished). At Cambridge they may also take degrees, but they do not obtain a vote in the Senate (which is the supreme body in the university) nor in the election of university members of Parliament. At Oxford they may only take the first degree (the B.A.), and therefore can obtain none of the privileges (not very extensive ones) nor of the prestige attached to such combinations of letters as M.A. or LL.D. So far it would seem that they have little disadvantage, and, in fact, I have known Jews, Roman Catholics, and Protestants of all denominations, and even Mohammedans, as students at the universities. They have to pass an examination or two in the Greek Testament, but there is no test of faith. Still, dissenters are comparatively rare, and for a very good reason. The great ambition of every Oxford or Cambridge student is to obtain a fellowship—partly for the emolument and more for the honor. The fellows form the governing bodies of the colleges, and the colleges are, for most purposes, the universities—that is, they manage the discipline and the education, and every member of the university is or has been a member of some college. Now, these rich foundations are entirely under the management of churchmen and their pecuniary benefits are shared almost exclusively by churchmen. So long as they are not thrown open, the bare leave to study is of comparatively little value to dissenters—the majority of whom moreover belong to a social class below that from which most university students are drawn.

A bill has passed its second reading in the House of Commons which will enable any college to do away with this restriction as far as it is affected. It will probably be thrown out in the House of Lords; but it must be passed before long, for the feeling in favor of it is steadily increasing. The only practical argument urged against it is the necessity of giving to young men some uniform and authoritative system of religious instruction. The value of this argument may be estimated by any one who knows that Oxford has been for many years, and still is, the centre from which all religious movements amongst the English upper classes radiate. Every possible question, from the propriety of vestments up to the being of a God, is there discussed with an interest unequalled elsewhere, and to attempt to bar discussion out of Oxford by any system of tests is like forbidding any one to throw water into the Isis for fear of a flood. From clergymen who call themselves Catholic priests, and are indistinguishable to the vulgar eye from the genuine Romanist article, to the bigoted worshippers after the school of Comte, no shade of opinion is unrepresented, and every side of every argument is eagerly canvassed. The objection is, in

fact, merely one of those that are put out as a diversion, and will doubtless disappear before long when it is no longer wanted.

The mention of the House of Lords in connection with this agitation reminds me of one rather curious symptom of the times. Mr. Frank Newman has just published an article in *Fraser* pointing out what he considers to be the defects in that venerable institution, and recommending sundry reforms, suggested partly by what he considers to be the virtues of the United States Senate. The topic thus opened has been discussed by several newspapers, and even *The Times* has said some very strong things about the necessity for reform. No one expects that any great change is likely to be soon made in this respectable body, which is at present content to act simply as a drag upon active legislation. There are, however, two changes which seem to meet with general approval, and which are desired by those who hope to see the House of Lords made of some use, instead of permitting it to sink into decrepitude. The first is the abolition of voting by proxy—a system which enables idle gentlemen, who are betting at Newmarket or yachting in the Mediterranean, to strengthen the hands of their party leader and control, to some extent, the fate of the country. The second is the creation of life peers—a measure which was rejected by the instincts of the House of Lords when proposed by Lord Palmerston. They naturally felt that it would weaken them, in one sense, by encouraging a minister to give the peerage to as many of his supporters as he chose, without the responsibility of permanently cheapening the order. Still it is necessary that such a measure should be passed if the peers are really to be an effective body; for at present they are scandalously weak in debate, and it is yet difficult to reinforce them without cheapening the privilege beyond what it will bear. These matters, however, are scarcely ripe even for discussion.

Correspondence.

ADULTERY IN BRAZILIAN LAW.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

The essay, "Women and Juries," in *THE NATION* for June 13, 1867, brought to mind the "Codigo criminal do Imperio do Brazil," which seems to provide wisely for such cases as those to which the essay in question refers.

The proverb says, "It requires two to make a bargain." Adultery implies assent. Without assent the act must be "rape," or at least "assault and battery." If the woman yields to persuasion or to spontaneous inclination, surely she is as deserving of punishment as the man. If the husband is bound in honor to assassinate the man who has offended him, he is in equity bound to murder his wife also. But if there are any circumstances which make it dishonorable in a man not to murder either his own or his wife's friend, society, for its own safety, is bound to exact from him the just penalty of his crime, if what he has done for honor's sake can be considered a crime.

The following brief translation is recommended for consideration:

The criminal code of the Empire of Brazil, printed in 1837, provides, Art. 249, that any one who contracts a second marriage until after the first is dissolved, shall serve at hard labor from two to six years, and be fined.

Art. 250. A married woman who commits adultery shall be imprisoned at hard labor from one to three years. The adulterer shall suffer the same punishment.

Art. 251. A married man who keeps a concubine shall suffer the penalties of the preceding article.

Art. 252. Accusation of this crime (adultery) shall not be made by any one who is not husband or wife; these shall not have the right to make the charge if at any time they have consented to adultery.

Art. 253. The charge of adultery must be made jointly against the woman and the man with whom the crime has been committed, if alive, and one shall not be condemned without the other. W. S. W. R.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., June 19, 1867.

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Six per cent. interest on the outstanding certificates of profits will be paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the Fifth of February next.

The outstanding certificates of the issue of 1864 will be redeemed and paid to the holders thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the Fifth of February next, from which date all interest thereon will cease. The certificates to be produced at the time of payment, and cancelled.

A dividend of Twenty per cent. is declared on the net earned premiums of the Company for the year ending 31st December, 1866, for which certificates will be issued on and after Tuesday, the Second of April next.

By order of the Board.

J. H. CHAPMAN, Secretary.

TRUSTEES.

John D. Jones,
Cornelius Grinnell,
Geo. G. Hobson,
W. H. H. Moore,
B. J. Howland,
James Bryce,
Wm. C. Pickersgill,
Fletcher Westray,
Daniel S. Miller,
Charles H. Russell,
Gordon W. Burnham,
Henry K. Bogert,
R. Warren Weston,
James Low,
Dennis Perkins,
Caleb Barstow,
William H. Webb,
J. Henry Burgoyne,
Paul Spofford,
Charles P. Burdett,

William E. Dodge,
Charles Dennis,
C. A. Hand,
David Lane,
Henry Colt,
Benj. Babcock,
Francis Skiddy,
Lewis Curtis,
Robt. B. Minturn, Jr.,
Wm. Sturgis,
Lowell Holbrook,
Frederick Channcey,
Joshua J. Henry,
Royal Phelps,
George S. Stephenson,
Joseph Gaillard, Jr.,
A. P. Elliot,
Sheppard Gandy,
Robert L. Taylor,

JOHN D. JONES, President.

CHARLES DENNIS, Vice-President.

W. H. H. MOORE, 2d Vice-Pres't.

STEPHEN CROWELL, Pres't. EDGAR W. CROWELL,
Vice-Pres't. PHILANDER SHAW, Sec'y.

Phenix Insurance Company,

OFFICES: { 129 BROADWAY, N. Y.
1 COURT ST., Brooklyn.

Cash Capital, \$1,000,000 00

Assets, Dec. 1, 1866, \$1,635,932 69

Ensures against Loss by Marine and Fire. Also, Lake Canal, and Inland Transportation.

CHAUNCEY BEDELL, Manager Marine Dep't.

DIRECTORS:

Stephen Crowell,
A. V. Stout,
J. D. Ingersoll,
Henry Collins,
John M. Hicks,
I. H. Frothingham,
George W. Bergen,
Charles C. Betts,
Jas. S. Rockwell,
Alvin C. Bradley,
Gustav Schwab,
Edwin Beers,
Ethelbert S. Mills,
Ezra Baldwin,
Nathan T. Beers,
Joshua Atkins, Jr.,
Augustus Studwell,
Gilbert Sayres,
William A. Budd,
William M. Vall,

Jeremiah V. Spader,
Edward E. Low,
Samuel W. Burtis,
Daniel F. Fernald,
Nathaniel Putnam,
John C. Cole,
Edwin T. Rice,
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Harold Dollner,
Isaac Brinkerhoff,
William P. Beale,
Thos. H. Rodman,
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James H. Elmore,
Ben. E. Wardwell,
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AND
LETTERS OF CREDIT,
FOR THE USE OF
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New York.

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ARCHITECT,
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ARCHITECTS,
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LANDSCAPE GARDENER,
Author of "Country Life," furnishes plans and advice for
laying out public and private grounds. Refers to John
M. Forbes, Nathaniel Thayer, Boston, Mass.; Rufus
Waterman, Providence, R. I.; Francis G. Shaw, Staten
Island; R. S. Fields, Princeton, N. J.
41 Barristers' Hall, Boston, Mass.

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LANDSCAPE ARCHITECTS.
The undersigned have associated under the above title
for the business of advising on all matters of location,
and of furnishing Designs and Superintendence for Build-
ings and Grounds and other Architectural and Engineering
Works, including the Laying-out of Towns, Villages,
Parks, Cemeteries, and Gardens.

FRED. LAW OLMSTED,
CALVERT VAUX,
FRED'K C. WITHERS.
110 Broadway,
New York, January 1, 1868.

BROWN BROTHERS & CO.,
59 WALL ST.,
ISSUE COMMERCIAL AND TRAVELLERS' CREDITS
FOR USE IN
THIS COUNTRY AND ABROAD.

S. G. & G. C. WARD,
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28 State Street, Boston.

Insurance Scrip.
WILLIAM C. GILMAN,
46 PINE STREET, NEW YORK,
BUYS AND SELLS INSURANCE SCRIP.
CHARLES W. THOMAS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
BELLEVILLE, ILL.
Legal Business in Southern Illinois promptly trans-
acted. References given.
Belleville, Ill., offers inducements to manufacturers.
Land donated. Coal plenty.
Address CHAS. W. THOMAS, Sec. Board of Trade.

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MEN'S AND BOYS'
CLOTHING,
OF ALL KINDS, AT EXTREMELY LOW PRICES.

BUSINESS SUITS, \$15 to \$40.
DRESS SUITS, \$25 to \$50.
BOYS' AND YOUTHS' SUITS, \$5 to \$25.
LINEN SACKS AND DUSTERS, \$1 to \$5.

A LARGE STOCK OF FINE
CLOTHS, COATINGS, CASSIMERES, VESTINGS,
FOR CUSTOM WORK. ALSO, GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS AT EQUALLY LOW PRICES.

124 FULTON & 90 NASSAU STREETS,
CORNER OPPOSITE SUN BUILDING.

UNION MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Assets, - - - - - \$2,188,429 20
NEW YORK OFFICE, 151 BROADWAY.
J. W. & H. JUDD, General Agents for New York.

Active and efficient Agents wanted in all the Cities and large Towns in the healthy portions of the United States and British Provinces. To such, a liberal commission will be paid.

LIST OF LOSSES PAID ON MEMBERS WHO HAVE DIED DURING THE YEAR ENDING DEC. 31, 1866.

AGE.	NAME.	RESIDENCE.	OCCUPATION.	AMOUNT INSURED.
39	Joseph A. Southard,	Richmond, Me.,	Ship Master,	\$2,000
22	Evander O. Tostler,	Boston, Mass.,	Tailor,	2,150
35	Chas. S. Stephenson,	New York, N. Y.,	Ship Broker,	2,000
25	John A. Curtis,	New York, N. Y.,	Auctioneer,	5,000
37	John A. Curtis,	New York, N. Y.,	Auctioneer,	2,500
36	Thomas J. Willard,	Portland, Me.,	Master Mariner,	3,000
23	Edwin H. Rand,	Charlestown, Mass.,	Clerk,	2,000
40	Thomas S. Foster,	Gardiner, Me.,	Merchant Tailor,	2,000
34	Eden P. Foster,	Jackson, Mich.,	Jeweller,	2,100
34	Calvin M. Burbank,	Lawrence, Mass.,	Clerk,	2,000
51	John W. Crafts,	South Boston, Mass.,	Provision Dealer,	10,000
33	Samuel W. Bliss,	Boston, Mass.,	Fruit Dealer,	2,000
36	Richard Turtle,	Chicago, Ill.,	Provision Merchant,	2,000
47	Francis Winter,	New York, N. Y.,	Lock Manufacturer,	3,000
31	D. B. Cunningham,	New York, N. Y.,	Merchant,	5,000
41	Robert N. Corning,	Concord, N. H.,	Railroad Contractor,	2,000
57	Saml. M. Candier,	Brooklyn, N. Y.,	Custom House Clerk,	2,500
40	Charles Lins,	Shiland, Pa.,	Druggist,	3,000
27	Francis Fischer,	Louisville, Ky.,	Hatter,	5,000
26	Zeno Kelly,	West Barnstable, Mass.,	Master Mariner,	1,500
42	Julius Heilmann,	New York, N. Y.,	Carriage Maker,	2,900
49	George Draper,	New York, N. Y.,	Clothing Merchant,	2,000
26	Philander M. Chase,	Charlestown, Mass.,	Milkman,	2,000
43	Henry Fishback,	Carlinville, Ill.,	Merchant,	3,000
22	A. C. Sutherland,	Detroit, Mich.,	Book-keeper,	1,900
30	Charles E. Poole,	Pittston, Pa.,	Coal Agent,	2,500
39	Emanuel W. Mace,	Chicago, Ill.,	Cigar Manufacturer,	2,000
37	Robert Clough,	Chicago, Ill.,	Stone Cutter,	2,000
30	Ellen Clough,	Chicago, Ill.,	Wife,	2,000
35	Robert H. Howe,	St. Louis, Mo.,	Agent,	5,000
19	George H. Dunlap,	Brunswick, Me.,	Gentleman,	10,000
49	Thomas W. Ramis,	Boston, Mass.,	Merchant,	5,000
38	Isaac H. Brown,	Troy, N. Y.,	Druggist,	1,500
37	Zelotes W. Knowles,	Addison, Me.,	Master Mariner,	3,000
62	Lewis Wm. H. Giese,	Baltimore, Md.,	Merchant,	4,000
30	Eliakim W. Ford,	Albany, N. Y.,	Merchant,	3,000

NIAGARA
FIRE INSURANCE CO.
OFFICE, 13 WALL STREET.
CASH CAPITAL INCREASED TO - \$1,000,000
SURPLUS, JULY 1, 1866, - 300,000
Losses equitably adjusted and promptly paid.
CHARTERED 1850.
Cash Dividends paid in fourteen years, 348 per cent.
JONATHAN D. STEELE, President.
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Joseph Gillott's Steel Pens
OF THE OLD STANDARD QUALITY.
TRADE MARK—**Joseph Gillott, Warranted.**
or Descriptive Name and Designating Number.
New Series, Good and Cheap, from No. 700 to No. 761.
TRADE MARK—**Joseph Gillott, Birmingham.** With Designating Numbers.
For sale by
JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS,
91 John Street, New York.
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Paris Exposition.

THE SEWING MACHINE RESULT.

WHEELER & WILSON CARRY THE DAY!

HIGHEST PREMIUM.

The only Gold Medal for perfection in Sewing Machines has been awarded the

Wheeler & Wilson Manufacturing Co.,
625 BROADWAY.

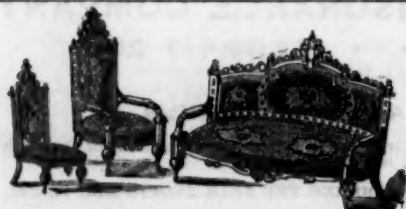
There were EIGHTY-TWO COMPETITORS, and the greatest interest attended the announcement of the result.

EDUCATE THE FREEDMEN.

The negro is a citizen, and is to be a voter. His education is of supreme importance. The N. Y. Branch of the Freedman's Union Commission has had the past year 170 teachers in the field. In order that it may carry on its work effectively another year funds must be sent in now. All persons willing to aid in this work will please send their contributions to

J. B. COLLINS, TREASURER,

40 Wall Street, or

EDWARD F. DAVISON, ACTING TREASURER,
30 Vesey Street.

FURNITURE.

PRICE REDUCED 20 PER CENT. AT
DEGRAAF & TAYLOR'S,
87 & 89 Bowery, 65 Christie Street, and 130 and 132 Hester Street, all under one roof.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

ROSEWOOD PARLOR AND CHAMBER FURNITURE.
Mahogany, Walnut, and Tulip Wood; Parlor Furniture, French Oil Finish; Sideboards and Extension Tables; Spring and Hair Mattresses; Cottage and Chamber Sets; Cane and Wood Seat Chairs.

We keep the largest variety of any house in the Union, and defy competition.

All Goods guaranteed as represented.

CARPETS! CARPETS!!

H. O'FARRELL

Is now offering the largest assortment of, ENGLISH BRUSSELS, THREE-PLY, and INGRAIN CARPETS, OIL-CLOTHS, CANTON MATTINGS, WINDOW SHADES, MATS, etc., in the City.

His Stock of PARLOR, BEDROOM, and KITCHEN FURNITURE, of extra and medium grades, is fully up to the standard of excellence his manufacture is noted for, and for quantity and quality stands unrivalled.

Warerooms—267, 269, 271 West Thirty-fifth Street, and 436, 438 Eighth Avenue.

P.S.—All the railroad and cross-town cars pass before his doors.

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Reversible Feed Lock-Stitch
Sewing Machines.

BEST FAMILY MACHINE IN THE WORLD.

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ALUM AND DRY PLASTER
FIRE AND BURGLAR

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Principal Warehouses: { 265 Broadway, New York.
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Nothing Succeeds like Success.



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B. F. Bancroft, Wm. H. Wood,
Charles H. Frost, George Bliss, Jr.Of this Company, Mr. Erastus Brooks, one of its Stockholders and Directors, writes in *The Express*, of which he is one of the editors:

"The American Popular Life Insurance Company held its first annual meeting a few days since. The business of the first six months has been very successful, and has been conducted upon the safest and most economical business principles, alike for the stockholders and parties insured. There are some plans in the organization of this Company popular in their character, which make it well worth general investigation, and which the officers specially invite."

Extra Lives are rated down, and save money in this Company.

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Policies non-forfeitable after first payment.

Policies incontestable after death.

Paid-up Policies always obtainable.

Lowest rates for the best lives.

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The Company will ensure any one.

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"We have had one of the works of this Company in a case for some considerable time, and, comparing them with former first-class works of different manufacture possessed by us, they have established, in our opinion, their superiority over any ever introduced for correctness as timepieces."—*N. Y. World*."The beauty, the precision, the greater cheapness, the uniform excellence of a watch constructed by machinery so exquisite that the mere spectacle of its operation is poetic, gradually give the American Watches a public preference which will not be deceived."—*Harper's Weekly*.

EVERY WATCH FULLY WARRANTED.

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192 Broadway, New York.

DECKER & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF THE

Ivory Agraffe Bar Piano-Fortes,

Have removed to 2 Union Square, corner Fourth Avenue and Fourteenth Street.

Having largely increased our facilities for manufacturing, we now hope to be able to meet the growing demand for our pianos.

.. Mark well the name and locality.

WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING MACHINES,

625 BROADWAY, N. Y.,

MAKE THE

LOCK-STITCH,

and rank highest on account of the elasticity, permanence, beauty, and general desirableness of the stitching, when done, and the wide range of its application.—*Report of American Institute*.

GROYER & BAKER'S

FIRST PREMIUM

ELASTIC STITCH AND LOCK STITCH

SEWING MACHINES,

498 Broadway, New York.

STEINWAY & SONS'

GRAND, SQUARE, AND UPRIGHT

PIANO-FORTES

HAVE TAKEN

Thirty-five First Premiums at the principal Fairs held in this country within the last ten years, and also were awarded a FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the Great International Exhibition in London, 1863, in competition with 260 Pianos from all parts of the world.

That the great superiority of these instruments is now universally conceded is proved by the FACT that Messrs. STEINWAY'S Scales, Improvements, and peculiarities of construction have been copied by the great majority of the manufacturers of both hemispheres (as closely as could be done without infringement on patent rights), and that their instruments are used by the most eminent Pianists of Europe and America, who prefer them for their own public and private use whenever accessible.

Every Piano is constructed with their Patent Agraffe Arrangement, applied directly to the Full Iron Frame.

STEINWAY & SONS direct special attention to their newly-invented UPRIGHT PIANOS, with their Patent Resonator and Double Iron Frame, patented June 5, 1866.

This invention consists in providing the instrument (in addition to the iron frame in FRONT of the sound-board) with an iron brace frame in the REAR of it, both frames being cast in ONE PIECE, thereby imparting a solidity of construction and capacity of standing in tune never before attained in that class of instrument.

The sound-board is supported between the two frames by an apparatus regulating its tension, so that the greatest possible degree of sound-producing capacity is obtained and regulated to the nicest desirable point.

The great volume and exquisite quality of tone, as well as elasticity and promptness of action, of these new Upright Pianos, have elicited the unqualified admiration of the musical profession and all who have heard them.

STEINWAY & SONS confidently offer these beautiful instruments to the public, and invite every lover of music to call and examine them.

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